

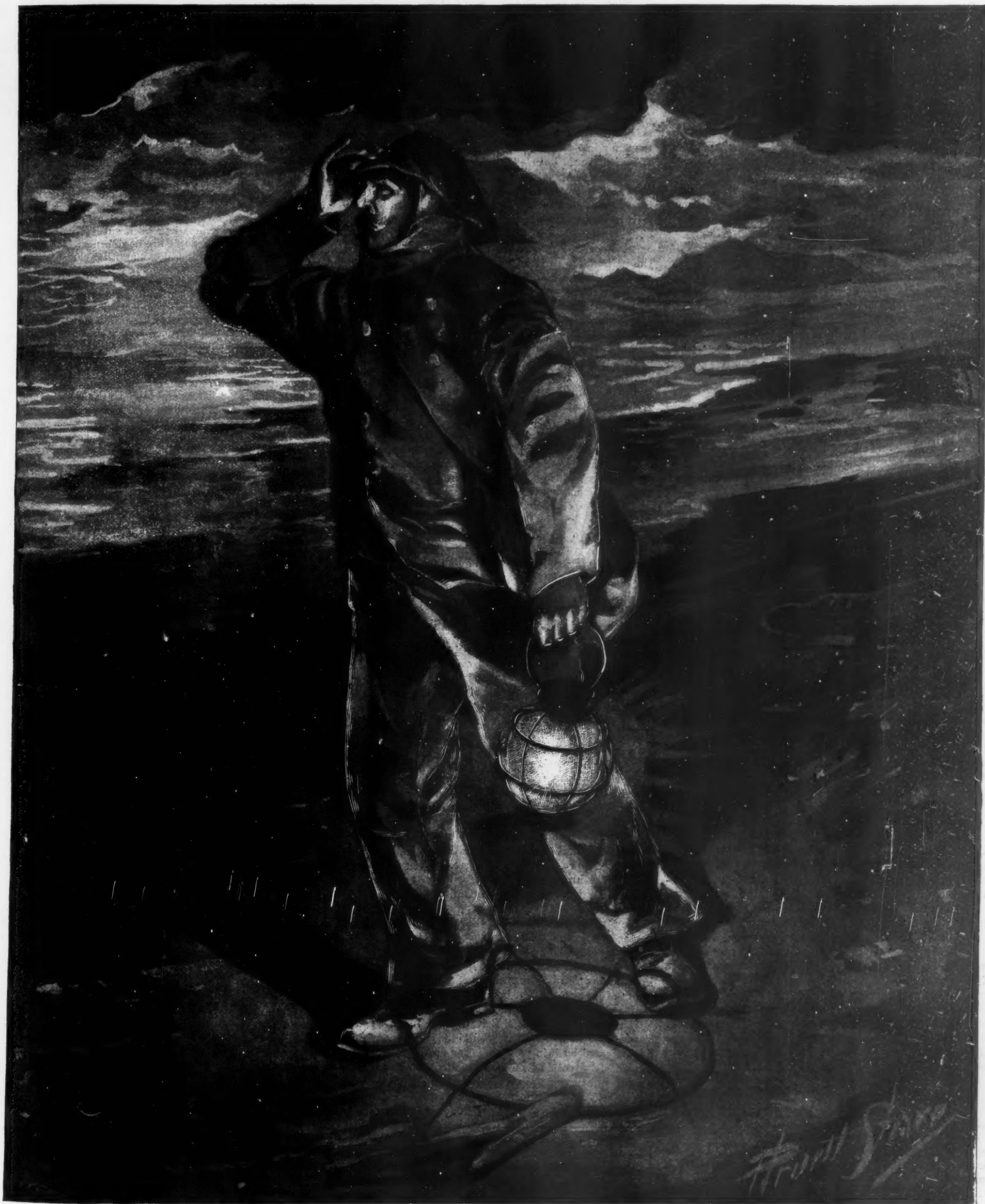
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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JULIUS CHAMBERS

EDITOR

[FROM ONCE A WEEK, April 26, 1892.]

YOUTH is the gift of Heaven. It is the most splendid conception of the divine mind. To a man it is worth the supremacy of the world. A woman will exchange her immortality for it. To a newspaper, likewise, it is all-important. It comprehends activity, dash, pure blood, honest emotions, sincerity, strength. A newspaper that attains success during its days of youth forever remains young. Years do not age it or dull its intelligence and enthusiasm. It has not eaten its heart out with anxiety or allowed its blood to be thinned by corroding cares. Pride of success it may justly feel. Arrogance it never can assume, because to be arrogant is to be conceited, and conceit is not an attribute of youth. Such is the position of ONCE A WEEK to-day.

DEAR PAT GILMORE! He cannot be replaced. He has left a sorrow deep down in all our hearts.

It is very unfortunate to acquire a reputation for frivolity. A few days ago our delightful and charming CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW arose at a public meeting to say something very serious, but the vast audience insisted on laughing at his sagest remarks and applauding uproariously whenever he attempted to be grave and statistical.

By all means let us go on building ships of war until our navy is able to cope with any in the world. We have fortunately waited until the most perfect and satisfactory forms of naval armament have been reached and the chances are that our money will be well invested. What we really want, however, is a mercantile marine, and all the naval vessels in the world will not give us that. We must regain our own carrying trade.

DESPITE the present splendor of Nancy Hanks, we still cherish a lingering love for the memory of Flora Temple, Goldsmith Maid and Dexter, who went to a happy horse heaven with the records of their day.

2:04! Nancy Hanks has trotted a mile in this remarkable time on a circular course at Terre Haute, using the pneumatic bicycle-wheel sulky. Everything indicates that the two-minute record will be made before long. Nancy's trainer was not confident of doing better than 2:07, for the mare herself, if conscious of her splendid condition, kept the secret better than most of her sex. If the figures are correctly given for the quarter-miles, the mare must have trotted the third quarter in 29 3/4, which is exactly a 1:59 gait! On October 25, 1891, Mr. ROBERT BONNER, of New York, offered to give five thousand dollars to see any horse within two years trot a mile in 2:05 on a regulation track. Come on, Mr. BONNER!

AN "esteemed contemporary," edited by a gentleman of whom we are very fond, has made two bad "breaks" in as many weeks. In the issue before the last he gave an elaborate picture of President HARRISON reviewing the parade of the Grand Army of the Republic at Washington. This week he presents us with a very pathetic picture in which the now historical "cholera" patient, MARY CONNERTY, is represented as being conveyed to the cholera hospital on the East

River. As the President was not in Washington on the day of the review, but at the bedside of his sick and suffering wife in the Adirondacks, and as MARY CONNERTY did not have cholera, as inquiry disclosed, it is obvious that our esteemed contemporary is in the habit of sketching his pictures before the event in order that he may serve them up smoking hot to a clamorous public. This is "enterprise" of a certain sort, but ONCE A WEEK is strong enough and resolute enough not to engage in it.

Is THERE a taint on the name of BORDEN? Only two months ago it was associated with the most mysterious murder of this generation at Fall River, Mass. On September 27th a wretched woman strangled three little children in the village of Borden-town, N. J. Apropos of the LIZZIE BORDEN case, new evidence is constantly accumulating against the unfortunate girl, and indications are now many that the theory of our correspondent regarding the young woman's mental irresponsibility was correct.

A CONGRESS of the trade unions of Great Britain was held recently at Glasgow. Over four hundred delegates, representative of unions throughout the country, attended. The unions have had as a special subject before them for some years a proposed parliamentary law fixing the legal day's work, an infraction of which would be an employed man working more than eight hours.

The English standpoint regarding such an infraction is very different from the American. In this country a law would not be thought of that would make it obligatory upon a workman to restrict his day's work to eight hours. It would be regarded as conflicting with the inalienable right of a man to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," as laid down in our federal Constitution. The people of Great Britain do not have a gauge of the definite and precise character that is implied by a written constitution to indicate to them what their liberties and rights are and are to be. What seems to them as best at any given time they can embody in a parliamentary law. There is no supreme court to say that such a law conflicts with any bill of rights already laid down, and, consequently, there is greater latitude with them than with us in choosing a new course of action.

This fact really makes the monarchy of Great Britain a less conservative government than the republic of the United States. People there discuss socialistic tendencies more freely than is done in the United States, for the reason that we here look upon advance in certain directions as shut off by our Constitution and only to be made by a change therein, while in Great Britain a single act of Parliament will bring the change about. It is a serious thing to get two-thirds of both Houses of Congress to agree upon a change in the Constitution and then go to all the States and have three-fourths of them ratify it. Yet this difference between Great Britain and the United States in procuring important constitutional and legislative changes exists.

It seems very strange to us that the British Parliament should have power to ordain that no British subject shall perform labor for more than eight hours out of each twenty-four, yet what is known as the "eight-hour movement" is an endeavor to bring about the enactment of such a law.

Evidences, however, have accumulated recently that show the movement has lost much of its former force. It was proposed to censure the secretary of the trade unions for not voting for the miners' Eight Hours' Bill in Parliament, of which he is a member; but out of four hundred members of the union present only one hundred and twenty-one voted to condemn him. Mr. JOHN MORLEY is a pronounced enemy of the bill, yet in the recent election at Newcastle, which is a mining community, and wherein the bill was made a special issue, he was re-elected with a greatly increased vote.

It is presumed, accounting for these evidences, that the trade unions, as well as the miners of Newcastle, see a danger in an eight-hour movement to their trades by having them restricted in this way, when the same trades in other countries are not so restricted. On the other hand, the textile operatives of Lancashire, who have heretofore been strongly opposed to an eight-hour law on this ground, have recently declared in favor of its acceptance, believing that it is necessary to limit production to obtain satisfactory prices.

They have, in Great Britain, what is called a New Trade-Unionism, and it is seen that great powers may be possessed by it in politics. In some of the unions the power is controlled by a small central body of officers, and it is designed to extend this practice and have all the unions come together under the control of a few executives. Rapid strides are making in this direction.

Record-breaking has been a successful pastime this season. The trotting record has been broken only to be broken again, the bicycle record has been smashed to bits, and now it is announced that the mountain-climbing record has been revised, a party of Englishmen in the Hindoo Koosh, an icy and isolated section of "the roof

of the world," having climbed a thousand feet nearer heaven than any other body of mountain-scalers on record. The statement has been contradicted, but that doesn't matter, for clambering up icy peaks is quite as bad use as time is ever put to, except as it affords amusement to the climbers.

Quite a lot of paragraphs appeared in the newspapers of New York recently about a marquis who died in New York, though it is difficult to see why the subject should have seemed interesting. The marquis had been a respectable man of retiring disposition, who always paid his bills and never gave the police any trouble, but the same may be said of thousands of other men. As to his rank, noblemen are as thick in Europe as colonels in Kentucky. When a great fuss is made on this side of the water over a man who has a title, it is well to remember what President Lincoln said to a foreign-born soldier who entered our army, and reminded the President that at home he was a prince. "Don't let that worry you," said old Abe; "twon't count against you if you do your duty."

Anyone who worries over the reported revolutionary spirit in the Sandwich Islands shouldn't make the mistake of blaming the reddish-brown natives, for the uneasy class in Hawaii consists almost entirely of white men of various nationalities. The average Kanaka is one of the most peaceable fellows in the world, and wouldn't know good government from bad, but the Europeans and Americans who have been acquiring almost all the valuable plantations in sight, and filling the offices, which are large only in respect to salary, are always howling for "progress" which promises to make their individual prospects better. Native Hawaiian ideas, like the people themselves, are scarce—most of them have been drowned in the whisky of civilization.

Cholera seems to have done scaring Americans. Now that the dread disease has been successfully kept out of our great seaports, people are beginning to look into facts and figures, and to remind one another that cholera never "cleans out" a country, although it is always "at home" in the most densely populated portion of the world, which is a bit of India. The warning remains, however, that cholera almost invariably selects its victims from the classes which pay least attention to health rules and the other decencies of life; men and women of good habits have always gone fearlessly into the worst infected districts and escaped without harm unless they chanced to be in low physical condition. The same may be said of most other contagious and infectious diseases; they avoid the "better parts" of cities and towns, not because the inhabitants are spiritually and morally superior to their less fortunate fellows, but because well-to-do people eat more carefully, bathe more frequently and keep their houses cleaner than those whom poverty compel to huddle together and neglect the precautions which the instinct of cleanliness suggest. Some of the so-called better classes are not much on devotion, but they spend a great deal of money for disinfectants, and such things do tell in the long run.

In the interest of justice it is pleasing to record that some English scamps, who have been promising to publish ambitious authors' books for moneys agreed upon and paid, have been sentenced to exemplary terms in prison. But what can be said in defense of the luckless authors? In these days of omnivorous readers and of publishers almost numberless, there is no reason why any manuscript fit to be published and read should not in time find a place if the author has sense and patience enough to "keep it moving." Publishers and their advisers are merely human; they select according to their individual tastes, against which no man with tastes of his own has any right to complain. Some successful books have been declined by a score of publishing houses, but a hundred times as many manuscripts which have been accepted and printed have failed to pay expenses. Any author who knows more than all publishers and who is determined to lay his magnum opus before the world, even if he has to pay the expenses, can find reputable firms to do the mere mechanical work at a fair price. If there are any American authors as self-satisfied as the victims of the English swindlers, they will save money by consulting reputable printers.

A POEM PRIZE CONTEST.

PRIZE contests in various forms have found favor with the general public, and especially so, be it said to our credit, have those of a literary nature, in both poetry and prose. The contest which we are about to place before the readers of ONCE A WEEK has the advantage of its predecessors in the fact that it must prove both instructing and interesting, as it requires literary research—not merely guess-work—and may induce the reading of the American poets to-day much neglected.

The contest will consist of a verse from a poem of one of the leading American poets—Longfellow, George Arnold, Holmes, Poe, Bryant, Whittier, Whitman, Lowell, Aldrich, Eugene Field—transposed in such a way as to read sensibly—though, maybe, contradictory—using every word in the transposition that is in the original, and only the same number of times that it there appears. It then becomes the task of a contestant to find out what the original verse is, write it out, giving title of poem, number of verse, etc., and mail it to ONCE A WEEK. The first correct answer will receive a prize of ten dollars—priority to be determined by post-mark on envelope. Here is the transposed poem:

"I walked amid the cheerful glooms—
The mournful homes
That tell of tombs
Appear and die.
A far off trampled sound returns,
A hollow sound of hope and fear,
As if the wind like atmosphere
Across the landscape lights and sighs:
The earth is wide and full of flies."

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THE AMERICAN STAGE.

An amusing and interesting discussion is going on in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the propounded question as to why novelists do not write for the stage. The discussion is interesting because eminent authors engage in it; it is also amusing to us on this side of the Atlantic because of the sneers indulged in against theatrical taste and productions in America. "Ouida" declares, in deprecating the popular taste that good authors cannot cater to, that a public that will accept Mary Anderson as a good tragic actress is incapable of discriminating between the good and the bad. In the same strain an essayist in the September number of the *Contemporary Review* says: "No, it is not the poets to-day who are wanting; it is the people, the English nation, who, in their steady progress toward complete democracy, are becoming every day more and more Americanized, more and more gross and material in their aims and aspirations, less and less heroic, and, therefore, less and less artistic." . . . "They all tend in the same direction, they all show what we have to expect when this country is thoroughly democratized and Americanized."

Miss Braddon, who, by the way, was an actress in early life before she achieved fame and fortune as an authoress, confesses that the theater public is harder to please and more critical than the reading public; and James Payn admits his inaptitude for dramatic composition.

If Charles Reade were alive, what a paper he would contribute to this discussion in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*! because, more ambitious to be a dramatist than the novelist, he would never admit that he was not greater as the former than the latter, and always insisted that literary men were the proper ones to write for the stage, despite his own failures as well as those of Dickens and Collins.

The fact is, play-writing and novel-writing are separate and distinct branches of literature. The detail and elaboration of the novel are not successful in a play. Few dramatists succeed as novelists, and vice versa. And when a purely literary man, like Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, produces good acting plays, it is in collaboration or with the assistance of some actor-friend or stage manager. Boucicault tried his hand at several novels, but not successfully. Bronson Howard declares himself incapable of writing a story.

The secret is that few literary men possess the practical knowledge of the stage requisite in writing a good acting play; and, vice versa, the dramatist is accustomed to rely on the scenic artist and the costumed actors for his coloring and does not give the complete picture that the novel demands.

As to the condition of theatrical taste in America, alluded to so deprecatingly by several writers in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it is to be said that since Boucicault, Robertson and Byron ceased to write we have received few plays from London, and unless a strong dramatist soon comes up—stronger than Haddon Chambers or Oscar Wilde—we, with our Bronson Howard, Gillette, Henry Guy Carleton and Clyde Fitch, can hold our own.

The only novelties the London stage will offer us this season are "Lady Windermere's Eden," by Oscar Wilde (to be produced at the new Empire Theater on Broadway), "The Mountebank," by Gilbert & Cellier, now being sung by Lillian Russell, en tour, and "Haddon Hall," by Sullivan & Grundy, just produced in London, if we except several melodramas which French will present here.

Here we shall have this season new plays by all the more prominent dramatists, from Bronson Howard down.

Despite carping criticism, Lottie Collins has achieved a great success at the Standard Theater. It is observable that many run into the theater only to be present when she appears between the second and third acts. Her song and dance is nightly encored.

The dispatches of the press associations in reporting the successful production, in San Francisco, of "The Mountebank" by the Lillian Russell Company got poor Alfred Cellier's name wrong, giving it as "Collier."

The long and brilliant run of "Sinbad" draws to a close at the Garden Theater, and we shall soon see Mme. Modjeska as *Queen Katherine* to the *Henry VIII.* of Otis Skinner.

"The Bostonians" will, in turn, succeed Mme. Modjeska at the Garden Theater, November 7th, when "Robin Hood" will be revived for a run, with Barnabee, Karl and MacDonald, Edwin W. Hoff, Eugene Cowles, George Frothingham, Peter Long, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Camille d'Orville. Another company, including Caroline Hamilton and John Peachy, will tour in "Robin Hood," commencing in Baltimore the first week in October. I heard Mr. Peachy sing in private at the Lotos Club the other morning, and have no hesitation in saying he will prove an acquisition in even such a company as "The Bostonians."

Sydney Rosenfeld has written two new plays and a comic opera, the latter for Jefferson de Angelis, who, now that the Casino is given over to variety, will follow the profitable example of De Wolf Hopper, Francis Wilson, Digby Bell—and why not?—and go starring. De Angelis has been especially engaged to play *Monander* in Sydney Rosenfeld's comic opera, "The Lady and the Tiger," which De Wolf Hopper will produce before closing at the Broadway Theater.

Katie Emmett has commenced an extended Southern tour at Nashville, Tenn. She found it difficult to get engagements last year, but since her metropolitan debut last Spring she is in considerable request by the circuit managers.

In consequence of the death of Florence, Mr. Joseph Jefferson will no longer present the old comedies, but will revive "Rip Van Winkle," which he will shortly present at the Star Theater, with a scenic elaboration never before attempted.

Theatrical business has never been better in Boston than this season. The reigning attractions are Mrs. Potter and Kyrie Bellew, in Zola's dramatization of his own "Therese Raquin" (Daly's Company), Rice's "1492" and "Settled Out of Court."

Daly's Company will succeed Mr. Mansfield at Daly's Theater with a revival, which will soon be followed by a comedy from the German.

Charles Hoyt expected that "A Trip to Chinatown" would attract at the Madison Square Theater until he would be ready with "A Temperance Town"; but that was nearly a year ago, and the former is still a popular loadstone. "A Temperance Town" has been presented at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, for an indefinite run. It is a fact that there has never been an unprofitable performance given by Hoyt & Thomas at the Madison Square Theater.

The Chicago public has indorsed, at the Columbia, the verdict of Milwaukee on Mr. John Drew, in "The Masked Ball." Mr. Drew will succeed Dixey at Palmer's Theater. After Drew, comes Bronson Howard's new comedy, "Aristocracy."

The spectacular production of "Ali Baba" has passed its one hundred and fiftieth production at the Chicago Opera House and will probably hold the boards for several months more. Next Summer it will be presented in New York at the Garden Theater.

The nestor of theatrical managers, Mr. R. M. Hooley, of Chicago, has been in New York for a few days, looking well and strong. Every year Mr. Hooley abbreviates his beard an inch or so, with the effect of looking younger each cut.

That clever combination of German dwarfs, "The Liliputians," have appeared at the Union Square Theater for a long run.

Mr. Willard's tour under A. M. Palmer's management is all arranged for, since the latter arrived from the quarantine at Staten Island.

All the managers expect a decline in business as soon as the election excitement commences—and they will not be disappointed.

Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House on West Thirty-fourth street approaches completion. During the season he will give Grand Italian Opera, with Mile. Romaldi, from the Casino at Monte Carlo. He has not yet completed the organization of his company.

Clay Greene has produced his last play, "The New South," in San Francisco, with success.

Two ever popular players, Hoey and Evans, have been crowding the Bijou Opera House with their latest edition of "The Parlor Match."

C. B. Jefferson, who, as partner of Klaw & Erlanger, is well known throughout the country, is a son of the eminent comedian and one of the best stage managers in the country. The firm of Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger have added to their enterprises McCauley's Theater, Louisville, and the Academy of Music and St. Charles Theater, in New Orleans.

The principal change at the Casino is the opening of a café at the rear of the auditorium, where liquid refreshments are served at tables. Glass partitions enable those at the tables to be seen, and one of the critics declares they suggest monkeys in a cage, as all who could not find accommodation amused themselves watching the others. There is another café on the third floor. This attempt to emulate the style of the Alhambra and Empire, in London, is disappointing. The variety entertainment is not as good as that at Tony Pastor's or the Park, or the ballet as that in "Candy," at the Union Square, or the "Black Crook," at the Academy of Music.

Miss Lotta has been prevented by illness from starting on her tour.

Miss Marie Tempest commenced her season at Buffalo on the 28th ult., with the production of a new comic opera entitled, "The Fencing Master." The papers report a favorable reception for both star and work. Miss Tempest will soon be seen at the Standard Theater in this city.

As John Wellington Wells, in "The Sorcerer," Dixey makes up as Henry Irving. His great hit in "Adonis" was his sketch of the distinguished English actor, whom the *Contemporary Review* now says possesses talent, but no genius.

Gill, the author of "Adonis," has written a play, "Miss Blythe of Duluth," which Miss Pixley produced at New London, Conn., on September 28th.

The opera of "Puritania" contains many pretty airs, and should be better treated by the critics. C. F.

AUTHOR OF "HALF A MILLION ACRES."

THE AUTHOR of the clever story now running in ONCE A WEEK, Mr. Ausburn Towner, is a journalist by inclination, but a story-writer by preference. After graduating from the Elmira Academy and Hamilton College Mr. Towner,



Ausburn Towner.

for a time, was the successful city editor of the *Elmira Advertiser*. Mr. Towner turned his attention to a long story and produced "Chedayne of Kotonno," in 1877, which was a historical novel of the Susquehanna Valley during the "Pennamite" war. Though primarily and intentionally a thrilling story, its value as a historical work has given it a wide demand. It is one of Dodd, Mead & Co.'s standard novels. Mr. Towner, for a score of years, has continued to contribute to the leading periodicals of the country. His volume of short stories, "Seven Days in a Pullman Car," was very popular. Mr. Towner, in 1883, won the one-thousand-dollar prize for the ritual now used by the Royal Arcanum Society. He has written up the South in a very successful series. In his editorial work he has been connected with the *New York Sun*, *Herald*, and *Tribune*, and also with the *Elmira Advertiser*, *Gazette* and *Telegram*. Mr. Towner is a son of Dr. D. A. Towner, a highly respected and successful physician of Elmira's early days. Mr. Towner's latest work is the "History of the Chemung Valley." He is at present located in Washington.

"Half a Million Acres," an American historical romance, by Mr. Ausburn Towner, is a new departure in recent American fiction. The incidents of the narrative are based upon the history of the Empire State during the early pioneer days. The story is solid and substantial. It will live as long as the American people find time to study the beginnings of our national development. The heroine, "Sir Judith," is an enthusiast who founds a colony in the land of the Senecas in Central New York. Her portrait, the author assures us, is hanging to-day in the ancestral gallery of one of Gotham's first families not far from Central Park. "Half a Million Acres" goes with No. 26, Vol. IX., and No. 1, Vol. X.

A WEEK OF THE WORLD.

AMONG the fashionable fads that are going into deserved neglect is the "souvenir spoon." There was a time when certain spoons, like certain dishes, had a local significance, but when the custom became so common that only to engrave the name of a town could turn a plain silver or plated spoon into a "souvenir," the end of that custom was at hand. Spoons of wood and horn are made by some natives of northern Europe; spoons of cocoa-nut shell by South American Indians, and travelers who own them would not sell them for their weight in gold; but what associations can cluster round spoons bought at a Summer resort from local shopkeepers, who, in turn, bought them by the gross at some manufacturing town at thirty days' credit, less five per cent. for prompt payment? The "souvenir" which is not to become a nuisance is that which can be bought by anyone who may want it.

"A national loss" is a much-abused expression, yet it becomes dignified again when applied to Bandmaster Gilmore, who recently died, and whom a million or more people hope may now be handling a golden cornet in the orchestra of high heaven. "Pat," as he liked to be called by his friends, was much more than the manager of a successful military band; his heart was so warm, his spirits so high and his wits so quick that he seldom failed to make himself master of any unexpected situation. He always kept an eye on his men, but the other seemed to take in everything else in sight. One day his band stopped in the middle of a difficult piece and began playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes"; the audience, following the leader's eye, looked around and saw General Grant enter the room; they made a tremendous fuss, and the general, who didn't know one tune from another, couldn't understand the ovation until someone explained. A few years ago a heavy earthquake startled the Eastern States, and "knocked out" the orchestra; the last rumble had scarcely died away, when "Pat" rallied his men, and had them play "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" and the audience lost its fright in a hearty laugh. Some good men may be replaced, but there was but one "Pat" Gilmore.

John Chinaman—he of the Pacific coast—is not a fool after all. To do him justice, he usually did seem to have a long head, but no one supposed he had enough independence to disobey the "Six Companies" and refuse to pay assessments laid upon him by that self-constituted American-Celestial autocracy. Yet the telegraphic dispatches from San Francisco tell us that the Chinese on the Pacific coast have had the courage to refuse payment of a per capita assessment of one dollar, levied nominally for "protection" against the Geary law, and that the yellow boys will be photographed and registered as required. This is the largest "kick" which foreign laborers in the United States have yet made against their fellow-countrymen who assumed to manage them; the sooner the members of certain white races largely represented among us will pluck up courage and follow the example of the California Chinamen, the sooner will American citizens cease to distrust them.

People who believe in luck have an enraging way of finding something unlucky in everything out of the usual. Among the sayings of these croakers is that when two or more children are born at a time, of one mother, one of them must die in childhood. This idiotic saying has probably frightened the life out of many twin children who have chanced to fall ill in ways that any good doctor or nurse should be equal to. It is, therefore, gratifying to announce that "The Tarrington Triplets"—three Connecticut brothers who were born in a single hour—are still hale and hearty, although they were born seventy-one years ago, and have helped bury almost all the boys with whom they went to school, and, better still, attended the funerals of a lot of local gossips who had marred the merriment of the triplets' youth with dismal prophecies.

What a mild, unexciting political campaign we are having! Although partisans are lying as industriously as ever, they are not succeeding in quickening the public pulse. Democrats and Republicans are meeting at clubs and churches, post-offices and country stores as cheerily as if no one had ever charged either party with trying to abridge the liberties of the people. As for the torchlight processions, the lamp of progress, or the light of other days, whichever either may be, is carried principally by boys of adult stature but without years enough to give them the ballot. The wheelhorses of both parties construe the general quietude as lack of interest, but it is nothing of the kind. The cold facts are that new issues are scarce, the old ones have been thought over for years and both candidates for the Presidency have already held the office, so no one has any reason to doubt what kind of President either may make. Well, the country certainly deserves such a campaign; a hundred years of exciting quadrennial contests should entitle a nation to a Presidential year of jubilee—a year in which each citizen may vote with his brains instead of with his nerves.

Some laborers in the political vineyard, though, deserve much pity, even if it be strongly spiced with contempt. They are of the class known as "weather-cocks"—the fellows whose sole effort is to adjust themselves to the course of the political wind, so that they may be blown into a harbor close to the public crib and the fattest calf. By some curious and at the same time delightful fatality, these are the fellows who seldom "get there." Weather-cocks and other vanes have their uses, if they are in good working order, but most of them are rusty in their bearings or otherwise out of gear. Within view of my window are three weather-vanes on high poles, each erected at considerable expense, but they never point in the same direction, so when I want to know which way the wind is blowing I have to go out of doors and spread a handkerchief or newspaper to the breeze. The political weather-

cocks are equally unreliable; they have worked so long in a certain groove that they can't get out of it, so while they are pointing west-sou'-west, there comes a gale from the northeast that blows them out of sight, greatly to the relief of people who have been told to depend upon them. What fun it is to see such rubbish swept away!

Again royalty is prevented from visiting the coming World's Fair at Chicago. The king of Dahomey would like to cross the ocean, take a look at New York and Niagara Falls, and roam through the Exposition buildings, but he requires a guarantee that he may indulge in human sacrifices once in awhile—an indulgence for which the managers of the Fair have not provided either facilities or material. A satisfactory arrangement may yet be made, however. His majesty has the reputation of being quite competent to do his own sacrificing, and if Chicago will hand over to him all the public officials who are responsible for the polluted water which the city and its visitors must drink, the king's conscientious scruples may be removed, and Chicago will find herself well rid of some rogues and fools.

A great contest between military riders of Germany

Montana figure will "lay over" the entire lot, for the general public, which doesn't know anything about statuary and doesn't know how to begin to learn about it, can fall back upon the value of the material of the Montana exhibit; thirty thousand dollars' worth of silver and a quarter of a million dollars' worth of gold are facts upon which anyone will be able to base an estimate. Many people will remember that the most popular art exhibit at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia was a bas-relief of a feminine head most generally known as the "Butter Woman," it having been modeled in butter. Hundreds of thousands of visitors wouldn't have distinguished between a statue by Phidias and one by a gravestone artist, but everybody knew butter when they saw it, and they greeted the head affectionately, for the stuff of which it was made.

One of the results of the recent emergency calls for militia in several States is a general conviction, among military authorities, that soldiers should know how to cook plain food. But if soldiers, why not all men? There are no expert mysteries or tricks in the transforming of raw material into palatable and nutritious food.

Star-gazing is a favorite occupation of lovers, soldiers and sailors on night duty, and all other persons who are out-of-doors at night without much to think about, but how little of it has yet been systematically done by professional astronomers is proved by the recent discovery of the fifth moon of the planet Jupiter. As is known to all persons who can recognize the heavenly bodies at sight, Jupiter, when visible at all, "takes the shine off of" all other planets, and has been stared at through telescopes ever since Galileo, more than two and a half centuries ago, announced to the scientific world that all nights on that planet were moonlit, there being four moons on duty all the while. The honor of picking up the fifth moon belongs to the Lick telescope in California, and is the first astronomical "scoop" which that monster glass has made.

In mythological days the old chap for whom the planet was named would drop his dignity at times and play practical jokes upon mortals, and his namesake occasionally follows the festive old chap's example. One clear night a railway train in the mountains near the Pacific coast was hurrying over a single-track road to reach a



NATIONAL POLITICS—SCENE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF A WARD ORGANIZATION ON THE EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY.

and Austria is soon to begin, there being about a hundred men on each side, and the course extending from the capital of one nation to that of the other—a distance of about four hundred miles. The principal results are supposed to be the determining of the physical qualities of the men and their horses. A great many similar competitions might be made in the United States with beneficial results, so far as the endurance of horses and the skill of drivers is concerned, for there is no other country in the world which is so much humbugged as ours regarding the comparative value of horses. Because certain strains of horseflesh are specially adapted to spurts on the racetrack, either in running or trotting, a great many farmers and other breeders seem to have lost sight of the principal use of the horse, which is to haul heavy loads over bad roadways. The blood of serviceable strains of horseflesh has been so corrupted by admixture of "fancy" stock that the average quality of our draught animals and solid roadsters is lower than that of any other civilized country, while our roads continue to be so bad that, except during the dry season, it takes two horses to drag a load which, in England, France or Germany, would not be too much for one. The American horse needs more bone and muscle—not more nerve—as the breeders of fancy stock pretend to think. Some of the hardest work ever done by saddle-horses in this country is that of the regular cavalry on the frontier—a lot of animals who have no "blood" worth speaking of, but can wear out any quantity of pedigreed stock.

Art, or interest in art, will make an immense advance at the great Fair, for Montana is going to send a silver statue, eight feet high, on a pedestal of gold. No matter what other statue may be sent by noted sculptors, the

Ninety-nine of every hundred families that hire "help" have their meals cooked by persons who are not credited with high intelligence, yet they eat what is set before them and thank Heaven that it is fairly fit to eat. When anyone starts a hotel or restaurant, he looks not for a woman but a man to do the cooking, and he doesn't have to get a college professor either, although sometimes he pays a salary which a D. D. or LL.D. would covet. To make food products fit to eat has been the ambition of many men famous in art, politics, literature and religion, and there is no reason why all other men should not be equally aspiring. A good loaf of bread can be made more quickly than a bad poem, and the maker can take to himself the cheering thought that no one will say ugly things about the bread.

What a lot of nonsense the "funny men" of the newspaper press are printing about women's clubs! Women have quite as much right as men to meet and talk about whatever interests them. Most of the masculine clubs were organized to give to men who seldom had time to drop in at one another's houses the opportunity to chat about matters interesting to all of them; certainly women deserve a similar chance. Women, like men, have more acquaintances than friends, and they need proper places at which to meet these. Few women, however hospitable and warm-hearted, can find time and place to entertain all of their acquaintances; a daily round of lunches and teas won't answer the purpose as clubhouses do. There is a general impression that all women are dying to get into society, as if the word "society" meant anything in particular. The more of women's clubs there are, the more women will be pleased and relieved in mind. Let the good work go on!

siding before it should meet an express train going the other way. Suddenly, as it rounded a curve, the engineer saw a bright light which his experience told him was the headlight of the advancing express. He said his prayers and something worse, reversed his engine and hurried backward to a siding twenty miles away, the light seeming all the while to be gaining on him. When at last the train stopped in safety and the story was told, the grateful passengers began at once to collect money to purchase a gold watch for the man who had saved them from a terrible death, but the passing of the hat was stopped abruptly by a venerable astronomer, who exclaimed: "What? Collision averted? Headlight of the express? Bosh! That's the planet Jupiter!" And it was.

Some financial troubles which the daily papers are reporting through their cable dispatches show that we Americans do not have a monopoly of "wild-cat" schemes for making money. London is always full of skillful schemes for extracting money from the pockets of the simple, and even the shrewd; indeed, so able are the English at land-investment bubbles and other tricks that the first thing a gang of American sharpers do after devising a new money-grabbing enterprise is to import an English "promoter." Imagination and credulity are the only human keys upon which such fellows need to play, and they can be found all over England, in spite of the supposed stolidity of the people. Indeed, they exist even among professional financiers of high repute; the enormous difficulties in which the Barings, the great London bankers, found themselves a year or two ago were caused by undue confidence in some South American securities which no American firm would have touched with a pole of less length than a hundred feet. JOHN HABBERTON.

EVOLUTION OF THE VARIETY STAGE.

THERE is a truthful force in the old saw that there is nothing new under the sun, if applied to the popular variety theater, which now exists in every theatrical community under some style or other. The entertainment is characteristically the same the world over, novel only in manner.

The London style is music hall, and the Alhambra and its successful rival, the Empire, both on Leicester Square, are famous representatives of the class; in Paris it is the *café chantant*, and the Moulin Rouge, the Ambassadeurs, the Jardin des Paris are the most popular; in this country the entertainment is given in music halls, opera houses and the academy of music, as, probably because it has been claimed by low concert halls, the original title of variety theater has been abandoned.

The modern variety theater is an evolution of the mixed programme of the early theater, with songs and dances in the *entre acts*, and the formerly popular minstrel performance, which offered a mélange of song, dance, eccentricity, burlesque.

The modern minstrel company is nothing more than a male variety entertainment in burnt cork, and not that which was so popular some thirty or forty years ago. The decline of the Ethiopian minstrel entertainment, popularized by the inimitable delineations of the plantation negro by the late Jim Crow Rice, is due largely to the fact that those who have succeeded George Christy, Cool White, Dan Bryant, "old-man" Campbell, Charley White, Nelse Seymour, J. H. Budworth, Eph Horn, Sam Sharpley, Neil Bryant, do not know the business and words of the songs and character sketches that made them so popular. It is a singular fact that the specialties which made the great Ethiopian comedians of the past so popular were generally improvisations that were never committed to paper, and consequently are lost to the successors who might emulate them. The old-time minstrel sketches and songs are now traditions in the profession. It is said that none of the promptbooks of the Ethiopian operas that made Jim Crow Rice so popular exist in a form that would enable their interpretation, except by some old-timers, like Billy Birch, who had seen the performance. Some years ago Sam Sharpley revived Rice's opera of "Bone Squash," with the assistance of some who had witnessed the performance, but the music and words of the songs that were its chief attraction could not be reproduced. The melodies in these operas—old-time plantation songs and choruses—were, I am told, truly Offenbachian in their swing and jollity, and would to-day create a furore by reason of their novelty alone if they could be properly rendered. Melody, pure and simply, was to be found in these operas, typically American. The performers mentioned were artists in their line, in the truest sense of the word. Each in his specialty gave a personation of character studied from negroes seen on the levee, in the sugar-house, on the plantation, or on the street corner behind the boiling kettle of "piping hot corn," that was indeed in person and action and speech a verisimilitude. Thackeray has written about our early negro delineators. How true to the life was the delineation by McAndrews of the water-melon-loving old darkey on the levee, which must be remembered by theater-goers of to-day.

As the old-timers passed away, and with them their specialties, features from the variety entertainment were introduced in the minstrel performance, presenting this one in Irish characters, that one in a Dutch sketch, and another in an eccentricity entirely foreign to the originating idea of Rice, Christy, Wood and Bryant in giving a performance that should show the Southern darkey in all the phases and vicissitudes of his life. The modern min-

strel companies, with their double and quadruple end-men, and all in the first part attired in court dress, merely gave a variety entertainment, with negro sketches, caricatures and burlesques at that, and not the genre delineations of character that were formerly enjoyed by the most intelligent people. Modern minstrelsy is a misnomer. Negro eccentricity, humor, pathos is seldom or never delineated, excepting by the burnt-cork face and the ragged garments; but an idiosyncrasy of the performer, who seeks simply to raise a laugh by his buffoonery. How really pathetic were Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour (both dead) in their character dialogues—"Old Time Rocks," for instance.

The change from the old-style original minstrel per-

gan's Theater, where a large corp of carefully selected comedians are able to give, as required, faithful delineations of negro and Irish or Dutch parts.

The universal popularity of the variety entertainment, combining, as its name implies, minstrelsy, eccentricity, gymnastics, ballet, burlesque, cannot be questioned. In London the Alhambra and Empire are crowded night after night; in Paris the various *cafés chantant* are liberally patronized when the legitimate theaters are deserted. In this country the variety theater is the most remunerative, and the popular dime-museums have generally adopted this style. There are numberless variety theaters or halls in all the large cities that are institutions in the neighborhood.

It must be confessed that a good variety entertainment is very enjoyable to one who seeks relief from thought in the rapid succession of features presented. Thought and sympathies are more or less excited by the performance of a play, and the mental rest or loaf afforded by the variety entertainment is not obtained. There is never anything to distress or harrow the feelings of an auditor in a variety theater, excepting occasionally a stick of a performer, who is mercilessly "guyed" by a critical and demonstrative audience. Laughter-provoking songs or wits succeed each other; or there is interesting skit-dancing and jugglery or gymnastics. All the latest novelties are immediately presented in the variety theaters. Well might Saltoun have uttered his historic exclamation if he could hear the topical songs, now a regular feature of every well-ordered variety entertainment, and the enthusiasm, revealing the predilections of the audience, they elicit.

The popular success of the variety entertainments given in the little stages in the open air gardens on the roofs of the Madison Square Garden and the Casino is an evidence, if any were needed, that the style is destined to grow in this country to the importance it occupies in London and Paris as a factor in the amusement world across the water. Mr. Aronson has abandoned comic opera, and devoted his gorgeous theater to the variety entertainment, with café connecting, after the style of the roof garden and the establishments abroad. His experiment is watched with interest by his rivals, and if he is successful in receiving a fashionable attendance, and not the "mixed" audiences that usually gather at the variety entertainments where "drinks are served," the style will speedily become prevalent. It may be remembered that Mr. Aronson made his first essay in management some years ago in an entertainment of this kind in the unsuccessful Alcaza, on the site of the present Broadway Theater. And before his time, the then great theatrical firm of Jarrett and Palmer, made a similar effort with the Tammany Varieties (securing soon after its completion the large hall in the political headquarters on East Fourteenth street), with disastrous results. So far in this country—until the popular acceptance of the *café chantant* on the roof garden—the variety entertainment given in association with a bar and restaurant has not been first-class, and has not been generally patronized by first-class people; while the more approved variety theaters, like Tony Pastor's, have attracted respectable patrons.

"Now," said Miss Asceticism, as she sat down to the piano, "this little thing of Liszt's will take me about fifteen minutes to play. Surely everybody can say all they have to say before I am through."

"No," said one chicken to another, "we don't speak to her. She wasn't hatched from the same lot of eggs that we were."

"Oh, I see. She's from a different set."

"Would you like some garden hose?" asked the clerk. "No," she answered, "I do my weedin' barefooted."



IN AN EAST SIDE MUSIC HALL.

formance—first part, an Ethiopian concert; second part, character sketches; third part, characteristic burlesque—to the modern variety entertainment, in which caricature and burlesque predominate, was gradual but has been effectual, for the reason that so few of the newcomers are capable of the finished work in delineating Ethiopian character that made the fame and fortune of the originals. Faithful delineations of negro characters, like McAndrews's levee hands, or Nelse Seymour's hungry rust-about, or Billy Birch's jovial policy winner, are no longer to be seen in the so-called minstrel performances or variety entertainments. There is occasionally a good negro delineation in the theaters by actors who, in many cases, graduated from the burnt-cork ranks. Some admirable portraiture of negro characters are to be seen at Harri-



CHATS ON JOURNALISM.

V.—THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE experienced reporter when sent out of town or in quest of news, becomes a special correspondent.

We have now reached an important feature of our theme, a branch of journalism that is popularly supposed to possess all the glamour of romance. But before we have done, I think we shall see that it has many realities quite foreign to idyllic repose.

Let us talk of the Knight-Errent of the Newspaper—the Special Correspondent. He it is who has brought most fame to the English and the American press. He it was who, amid the fire and smoke of the Crimea, and of the Civil War between the States, raised the newspaper out of the ruts of fanciful theory and vague romanticism to the sober and stern realities of fact. Literature, which up to that time had been classed as a divine gift, became a remunerative art; and journalism, theretofore a refuge for professional failure, became a commercial enterprise.

The development of the correspondent, and the increased facilities that grew with him for the transmission of the information he gathered, caused the commercial value of American newspaper property to appreciate so greatly that establishments purchasable "for a song," prior to the Rebellion, cannot be bought to-day for a million of money. The special correspondent is the living proof of the supremacy of news matter over essay writing. He is the soul of the newspaper instinct—vested with all the experience of the reporter and the calm judgment of the editor.

As a journalist, the successful correspondent is the superior of any editorial writer who ever lived. All the massing of words and piling up of sentences in leaded brevity that can be done in a lifetime will not raise a journal to renown or strengthen it with its constituency as does one brilliant exploit of a special correspondent, who flashes his burning, stirring words across forests and floods, over continents and under seas—fresh, crisp, sparkling—telling the tale of a great achievement. I say, on my personal judgment, that the Gravelotte dispatch, cabled to the *Tribune* in 1870, and published on the morning after that decisive battle, did more to stamp upon that journal the mint-mark of public favor than all the thirty-odd years' work of Horace Greeley, its founder. No one article that he ever sent out damp from his pen will live in the history of journalism as does that single special dispatch. Horace Greeley, and his splendid, vigorous "leading articles," have already become a tradition, but the Gravelotte dispatch will always be an actuality.

The special correspondent, as we shall ultimately consider him, is a literary product of the last half-century. He has characteristics peculiarly his own, and has grown up with the newspaper and the increase public demand for the latest information. The rivalry between the large metropolitan journals in the gathering of information from the remotest ends of the earth has developed him and strengthened him in his position, until he is now probably the most important single attribute of the press. He has grown simultaneously with the electric telegraph, the rotary and perfecting press and the fast mail trains—just as has the reporter, his younger brother. As a consequence, we hear of him everywhere; and have grown to expect, even to take for granted, that he will be found at the post of danger or present at all scenes of historical importance. We, as the reading public, rely on him, and he rarely disappoints. There is no place that he will not dare to go, if thereby he may secure a valuable trophy. If he can achieve success for his journal, aid the cause of humanity or of better government, he will challenge anybody. Risk of life or limb and sacrifice of comfort are only incidental considerations to the end to be achieved—not for himself, remember, for he is an impersonality, but for the art, whose willing vassal he is from love of it. Free lance as he is, "Ich dien" is his motto.

Thus we see him as the most unselfish of men. What-

BACK TO THE CITY FOR THE WINTER.

ever renown or glory he may achieve belongs to the journal he serves. Whatever acts of courage or heroism he may perform on the field of battle or amid the lonely jungle are only the service of the civilian. If he die with his face to the enemy, his name is rarely mentioned in the account of the fight which his successor forwards, though a single act of valor by a private soldier in the field may win the Victoria or the Iron Cross. He must be ready to die, though the rights of self-defense are denied him, as a civilian! On the battlefield he is a hero. Amid the havoc he must see and calmly describe the deadly contest with the impartial accuracy of the historian, the cleverness of the novelist, the realism of the photographer, the rapidity of the stenographer, and the feeling and enthusiasm of the ancient chronicler. Where others are hot, he must be cool; where others' hearts aglow, he must put the fire and the blood into his pen's point. He is at once the knight-errant seeking adventures and the modern minstrel who immortalizes them the instant they occur.

What William Henry Russell did for the Balaklava charge on the night of the fight through the medium of the *London Times*, Victor Hugo did, with much less effect, for the Imperial Guard at Waterloo almost half a century after the event. The Crimean War antedated the general use of the electric telegraph; but the mail that brought Russell's prose epic of "The Brave Six Hundred" set all Britain and the world of English blood throbbing with just such emotion as was awakened by the story of the first messenger who reached Thessaly from the windy plains of Troy after the triumph of Achilles over Hector. And you will remember that when Achilles's mother, Thetis, foretold him that his fate was to gain glory and die early, or to live a long but inglorious life, the hero made his choice promptly and embarked in the Trojan War, from which he knew he would never return. The heroes are not all men of arms. When volunteers were called for to go on the ill-fated expedition to the North Pole, not a man on board the *Jeannette* stepped forward to join the forlorn hope more promptly than Jerome Collins, whose simple title was "Special Correspondent of the New York Herald."

Who was the inventor of this style of descriptive writing? Who was the prototype of the modern special correspondent? Xenophon's narrative of "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks" has a gleam of the same methods of treatment, and, likely as not, the production of an account of the expedition was the primary reason for joining his fortunes with those of Cyrus. He mentions the circumstances under which he happened to go (Anabasis, iii., 1.). Without any of the sophomoric mummery of the classicists, these facts may be stated. Xenophon had an influential friend at Cyrus's court who invited him to Sardis, promising to introduce him to the Persian prince. Xenophon took counsel with his good master Socrates, who advised him to go to Delphi and have a talk with the oracle. Though he went to Delphi, he seems to have made up his mind to go with Cyrus before he invoked the oracle. He went to Sardis and accompanied Cyrus into Upper Asia. He had no command, nor had he, in fact, served as a soldier. When Cyrus was killed and his barbarian troops dispersed, Xenophon came to the front and was chosen to lead the Greeks homeward. We confess that it is hard to decide that he was the Stanley of the fourth century, B. C. Herodotus had preceded him as a

real traveler in search of facts, though his methods were at best those of the compiler and historian. And yet, if we venture so far into the past, we shall be crushed by some archologist who will present the claims of the writer of the inscriptions on the Rosetta stone, or of the elaborate and overpowering chronicles graven so deeply on the four faces of the obelisks.

It is well enough for our purpose to begin with a writer who has left an indelible impress upon the world's literature and who furnished much of the inspiration under



which our Shakespeare and Walter Scott afterward worked so efficiently.

We salute Sir John Froissart as the father of the special correspondent—styled "Sir" not because he was himself a knight, but probably because he was, by profession, a canon. This title was not inaptly bestowed, for he made a great deal of noise in his time. He was born at Valenciennes in 1337, the son of a heraldic painter. He was a promising youth; but his great weakness was for writing verse, a fault I have cautioned the young reporter to shun. He confesses to about thirty thousand verses, most of which, fortunately for his fame, no doubt, have been lost. It must be admitted that he had some peculiar, and not altogether admirable, ideas about enjoying himself; but he was just the style of a young man to be in full sympathy with his times. He fell in love with the same ease that he drank a quart measure of Rochelle wine.

He went to Great Britain, probably bearing a letter of introduction to the English court, for we next hear of him ensconced as the private secretary to Philippa, queen of Edward III., who hailed from his native province of Hainault. The ladies of that court petted and almost spoiled the young Frenchman; it is doubtful if his memoirs of the three or four years he enjoyed there (had he written them out) would have passed the royal censorship, even in those days. His first appearance as a special correspondent occurs during one of those visits to Scotland, which, peacefully or at the sword's point, the English frequently made. Froissart generally went ahead of the cavalcade, traveling on horseback; often with no other companion than his dog. In his notebook he scribbled down such matters as attracted his inquisitive eye. He describes the fierce courage, the frugal inhabitants, the oatmeal cakes of the wily Scotch as well or better than they have been treated since by Macaulay. He was well received by King David, and was a guest of the great Douglas. Ireland was also visited by him, but he thought hardly better of it than does Mr. Froude of our time.

His patroness, good Queen Philippa, sent him back to Hainault; but he returned to England soon after and began the real work of his life—the writing of his Chronicles. This gigantic work for those days—for we are now speaking of a man who preceded such voluminous writers as Shakespeare by two hundred years, and Voltaire by three centuries and a half—was first published with the title, "La Chronique de France, d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse, d'Espagne, de Bretagne," etc., and extends from 1326 to 1400. The records of the last half of the fourteenth century are his own.

There were stirring events, too, among them for Froissart's pen to preserve. There were the wars of Edward III. with Bruce of Scotland, and the struggle between France and England; the insurrections of the Flemish towns; the wars between Castile and Portugal; between the King of Hungary and the Turks, then just effecting a lodgment in Eastern Europe; the horrors of the Jacquerie; the quarrels of the rival popes—and we must not forget that he had the discretion to ally himself with the Holy See to an extent sufficient to secure from Pope Clement VII. a comfortable "living" at Lille (1378). Nothing of novelty or interest occurred of which Froissart did not seek to be a spectator—joists, feasts, tournaments, confer-

ences for peace, interviews between princes—all these were in the line of his business. He first grasped the idea that such information must be sought out for its own sake! He visited England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, Langue-doe, Beaune, Italy and Germany; personally met and talked with most of the famous men of his time, and never lost the chance of picking up a good story, tale of adventure or bit of authentic news from knight, squire or innkeeper whom he encountered in his wanderings.

Froissart died as contentedly as he had lived. Having walked on the sunny side of life, the gay, gallant, gossiping, happy-hearted and plucky Froissart settled down to his comfortable canonry at Lille, and, amid his old wine and flower gardens, gave up the world's follies and vanities at the age of seventy-seven. Dear old fellow, how I wish his bones rested in the Press plot at Cypress Hills!

We have dwelt to this length upon Froissart's work because of its originality—not in form or matter so much as in the methods of its preparation. His influence likewise appears in nearly every chapter of Scott's various romances of chivalry. The incidents of the passage-at-arms at Ashby, the storming of the castle by Front-de-Boeuf, which impart the intense interest to Ivanhoe, both good examples of capable reporting, are almost transcripts from his pages. Indeed, the jolly special correspondent of the fourteenth century was the Rebecca at the window, recounting the progress of the brave knight's attack to the Ivanhoes of distant lands and coming generations.

Scott makes Claverhouse ask Henry Morton in "Old Mortality" if he had read Froissart, and, being answered in the negative, Bonny Dundee replies: "I have half a mind to contrive you should have six months' imprisonment in order to procure you that pleasure." This is well put, but in it we hear the voice of the author rather than

kettle in the morning. I forgot! Well, George is not particular; I will have to make it in a boiling pot."

She dumped these ingredients in the pot, poured in cold water and let the thing simmer. Then she brought out the cloves, pepper and salt. She cut two lemons into pieces and put them in the soup-pot.

She hummed to herself: "And now for the roast. I must hurry the fire. Pshaw! if I haven't a black soot streak down my nose! Well, I simply can't go on like this!" And she rushed away to a mirror and gazed with despair at her pretty face.

There was a bang, bang, bang at the door! It was the butcher's boy. It was a piece of prime roast. She could not have made a better selection.

"It is a three-rib piece, near the loin part," she said to herself, as she poked the fire, her face glowing over the coals.

She took three big pinches of salt, divided it equally over the roast and placed it in the pan. She put in butter and a few tablespoons of water. That was to prevent the mass burning. She set the pan in the red-hot oven and then went back to the mirror to look at her nose.

The little wife pared the turnips in a large, bright pan, cutting them into half-inch cubes; and as she did so she was blushing softly and wondering if George would really appreciate the dinner. She threw them into boiling water, added a little salt and poked the fire, burning her hands and crying as she applied cold soap and brown sugar.

Then she began washing the potatoes. As she had only one boiling-pot, and that was already in service, the next best thing was to put the potatoes in a stew-pan.

To see a young bride paring potatoes—poetical sight! How her eyes did glimmer, and how she sang over her work—jolly, jolly, all the day.

take a seat near by, her feet on the convenient rung of a chair, fold her tired hands in her lap and look reflectively at the firelight that here and there shows through the kinks in the new stove. It is a sweet picture. The young woman is tired, dirty, smudgy and sooty; there is the air of poor Cinderella and ashes about the humble gingham dress. Her bright eyes grow soft and tender in the half-light of the cozy room, and her nodding head droops lower and lower. In the corners of the humble home the shadows of evening are falling; the last beams of expiring day are dancing on the wall, kissing her shadowgraph as it is gradually being effaced on the wall behind her head. Over the stove rises a delicious blending of kitchen odors, the soup, the meat and the turnips, together with the warm, rich fragrance of boiling milk, the whole mingling and ascending in many-hued vapors. There greets the dreaming girl the gurgle, gurgle of the boiling waters, and the crackling of the dry wood, with now and then the first suggestion of the bubbling of the kettle on the coals.

Ah, there is that song—the song that has blessed and revered and made brighter and better many and many an humble fireplace all over the wide world—the song of the kettle on the coals! And the young girl heard it sung here to-day, in her new home, and a great lump came into her throat, and a mist into her eyes, and then—

"God bless my little Fanny!" spoke a voice just behind her chair; and oh, how the young bride blushed crimson to the eyes, shaming the firelight's glow; his hands were over her eyes, and she must guess who it might be; and of course she guessed—he had come in at unawares—and of course she lost; and of course she must pay the forfeit.

"Oh, my nose!" she was saying, for then, woman-like, she recalled that smudge.

See them now, loving husband, happy wife, as arm in



QUEEN VICTORIA AT OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

This is the latest picture of Queen Victoria, taken about four weeks ago in the grounds of her Summer home on the Isle of Wight. Her Majesty is seated in the low carriage with broad wheels in which she is fond of driving about her grounds. The curious hat she wears has never been copied anywhere. The young lady standing by the side of the carriage is Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, daughter of Prince and Princess Christian, and who is mentioned as likely to become the Duchess of York.

[Printed by the courtesy of the New York World.]

of the slashing old campaigner. It is undeniably true that reporter, correspondent and editor can learn much from Froissart. If you will hand me the book I can turn up and read you passages from his chronicles that have the ring of the best modern newspaper report.

In our next chat we shall see wherein the modern correspondent excels.

J. C.

THAT FIRST DINNER.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."—PAYNE.

THERE was a tremendous fire in the kitchen that afternoon. It was four o'clock already, and George would be home at six—for that first dinner—cooked by the bride.

Ah, that first meal prepared by the young bride! There is nothing like it in this world; old men, when they reflect on the event, bow their heads in fond remembrance; and young men dream on of endless bliss and love, unconscious of heavy pie-crust, flat soups and burned meats.

"I have," said the fair girl, donning her calico apron, "just talked to George's mother; and she says George is fond of mock-turtle soup. That will be the first soup I will serve."

She laid aside her bridal finery and rolled up her sleeves; she stirred the fire; she hunted for a cook-book; a neighbor's boy was pressed into service to run to the grocery for supplies.

"I want, first, one quart of black beans and five pounds of lean meat. Oh, dear, it should have been put in a soup-

She found pickles, sauces and cucumbers in the pantry.

For the next ten minutes the young woman bended over the cook-book, eagerly searching a recipe for dessert. Pies, puddings, cakes, tarts, were considered and dismissed. The time was so short. At last she decided on a custard! The boy from the neighbor's was hurried post haste to the grocery for milk. On the way he lost the money and had to come back and start all over again. The bride took the milk, poured out half a cup and put the rest on the stove to boil.

She beat up four eggs and then mixed six tablespoons of sugar with the mass.

She went to the mirror and looked at her nose.

Meantime the milk was boiling furiously, and she hastened back to the fire.

A tablespoon of cornstarch was dissolved with the milk in the cup of milk that was left over; then she adds the eggs and the milk and stirs while she hunts for the vanilla flavoring.

But who can describe the way a bride makes a custard? There is the movement of plump, white arms, the whipping of a cream-like mass, the gleam of golden egg and the minty smell of vanilla.

The firelight glows on her face, and kindles great blushes in her cheeks; now and again she stirs the fire and the flickering shadows gleam on the white wall overhead; steam and smoke arise; there is mystery over all; it is a sight never to be forgotten.

And, in the midst, the dear young bride finds time to

arm they stand in the subdued light of the little room, before the firelight's glow, listening to the singing of the kettle on the coals.

It is the first time they have heard that old, familiar song. However humble the home, that song, what does it not mean!

Let us leave them here, side by side; later they will spread that wonderful first dinner; the young bride will put on her new finery, and, after the fashion of brides, will primp up before the glass so long that the roast will grow cold. But what of it? Nothing! He will sit at her side, happy as a king. Together they will then enjoy the delicious sensation—comparable to nothing on earth—of the first dinner in their own little home, cooked by the bride's own hands!

JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.

LAWYER (fiercely)—"Are you telling the truth?"

BADGERED WITNESS (wearily)—"As much of it as you will let me."

DR. BUMPS (a phrenologist)—"This boy, ma'am, will never die in prison."

MRS. GIMLET—"I'm sure we ought to be very thankful for that."

DR. BUMPS—"Yes; the bump of longevity is highly developed; he will live to serve out his time."

STILL by the C-side.—"B" and "D."

BETTER late than never—going to bed.



"WAY down on Long Island," snugly ensconced among the high white sandbanks and dark-green stretches of forest land, lies Peconic Bay, the loveliest sheet of water to be found along the coast, from Maine to the capes of the Delaware. It is never twice the same; it changes in sunlight and shadow, in calm and storm, but, like lovely woman, is beautiful in all its aspects. No wonder one of the old

settlers after going to Florida to spend the Winter came back in a week "just dying," he said, "for a whiff of old Peconic."

Nestling right on the shores of the bay lies Quaint Town, a collection of fifty houses, one store and an "opposition" scallop shop, shell heaps and a wharf.

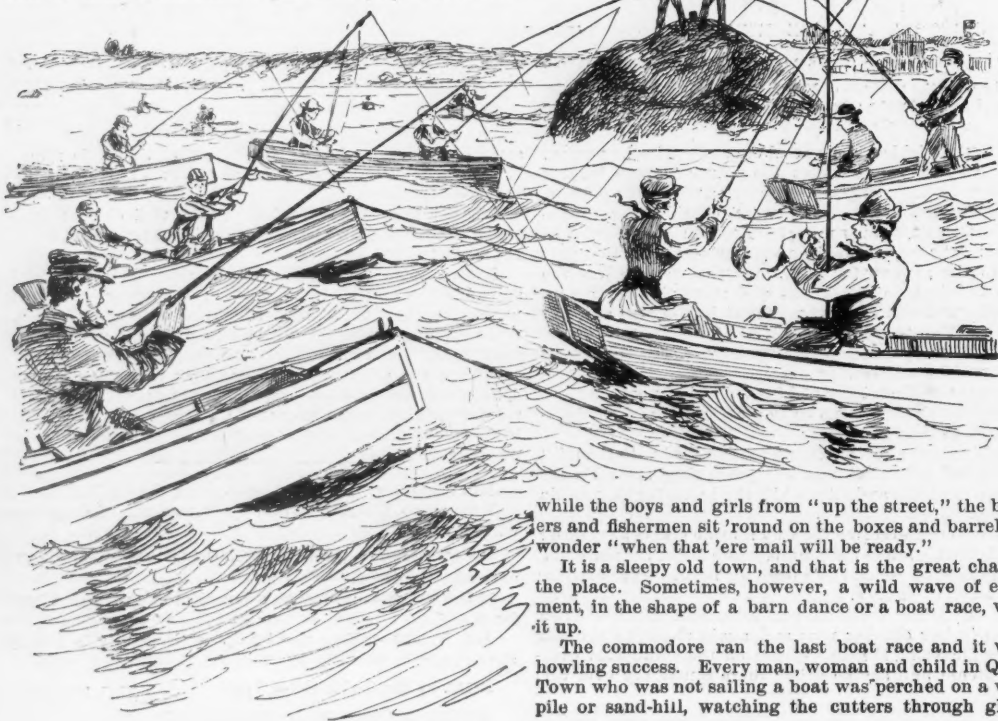
Quaint Town is where the people never grow old, but just "stay around" until they disappear. It is where weakfish, the blackfish and the bluefish flourish, and is especially the home of the succulent scallop—that most delicious of shell fish when fresh from the water. It is where Uncle Ira's old horse Jim lived, who, after serving his master faithfully for forty years, was sent to Robbin's Island to end his days in ease and comfort grinding clay in the brickyards, but swam the channel, and trotted off alone to meeting, on Sunday, when he heard the church bells ringing across the waters of the bay.

The people are good-hearted, thrifty and hospitable, with the usual quota of queer characters always to be found in a community whose people draw their living from the water. Nearly every man is an uncle unless he is a "cap'en," and if you address one as Mr. Tuthill and he doesn't answer, you can be pretty sure his name is Goldsmith or Terry.

They sustain life by taking in the city stranger "for a consideration" during the Summer, and in Winter some catch fish, clams and scallops, and the others play dominoes and spin yarns in the general store and post-office.



The dominoe season sets in after the last Summer boarder has paid his bill and departed, and the wild excitement is kept up until the advent of Spring warns the thrifty housewives that it is time to air the rooms, shake up the beds, hang the hammocks and get ready for another Summer. Customers may come and customers may go, but that game goes on forever. In the back of the store where stands an antiquated settee—probably was brought over by the original John Tuthill—the floor is worn into



ridges and hollows by the boots of generations of eager spectators who have watched Uncle Jerry and Brewster beat Uncle Cy and his partner.

In the good old days the mail was brought down from the post-office, at "The Rood," by whoever happened to be coming down and had time to think of it, and was left in a cigar-box from which everyone helped themselves.



"DID YOU GET A LETTER?"

So that all knew whether Aunt Betsy had got that letter yet from her son in California, or whether "Lize's best fellow" was writing to her from the city, which made it very pleasant and interesting. But now there is a full-fledged post-office, and, in the Summer, Uncle Jerry has all he can do to stamp the letters, distribute the mail and keep up a passing acquaintance with the postal cards,



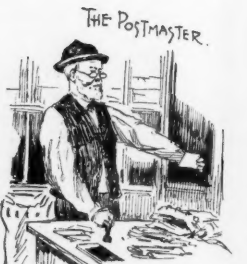
while the boys and girls from "up the street," the boarders and fishermen sit 'round on the boxes and barrels and wonder "when that 'ere mail will be ready."

It is a sleepy old town, and that is the great charm of the place. Sometimes, however, a wild wave of excitement, in the shape of a barn dance or a boat race, wakes it up.

The commodore ran the last boat race and it was a howling success. Every man, woman and child in Quaint Town who was not sailing a boat was perched on a woodpile or sand-hill, watching the cutters through glasses

that had done service on coasters and smacks from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico.

The blackfish "strike in" about August, and it is very easy to tell that the season has begun when you see Uncle Cooney starting "down street" with his bamboo pole and rusty kettle of "fiddlers." Whether he is older than the wharf no one knows. Both seem to have grown old, bent and feeble together. He has his own particular corner, where he is found as long as the fish bite, and woe to any intruding youngster who is fishing in Uncle Cooney's preserves when the old man appears on the end of the pier.



The wharf is generally ornamented with a ragged fringe of fishing poles.

A little later, after the usual "notheast" blow, the fish are to be found at "the rock," and from early in the morning until afternoon, while the tide is right, the boats are clustered thickly together.

At one time Quaint Town "had a future," but that is so long ago that even the oldest inhabitant has forgotten the date. A legend forty years old tells of the *North State*, the largest schooner then afloat, built and launched just north of the old pier. But that was the end of the boom. The streets were laid out after the New York model, crossing at right angles and four hundred feet apart, and the town was to be the greatest place on the east end of the island. But the early energy has vanished. The streets have become grass-grown lawns and shipbuilding and commerce are things of the past.

FAMOUS FRIENDS, BUT OUT IN THE COLD.

"The man who patented the drive-well has royalties estimated at two million dollars a year," said the tramp, as he edged nearer on the bench in the park.

"Is it so?" I asked, interestedly.

"It is; and, what's more, he was an old friend of mine. I also understand that another friend of mine has discovered the scientific fact that every year a layer equal to fourteen feet deep of the surface of all the oceans of the world is taken into the atmosphere in the form of vapor."

"You have famous friends, Bill."

"I have. Then there was another schoolboy friend of mine. Many a time we chewed gum together behind the same book. Lily white! but how he has developed! I was reading in the paper that, under the direction of the World's Fair, he had been deputized to ascertain whether the various races in existence at the time of the landing of Columbus belonged to one or more branches."

"Well, well!"

"Beats all how the boys will turn out. Another friend of mine has recently figured out that only five passengers were killed last year on all the railroads in the United Kingdom, whereas in the streets of New York alone there were three thousand four hundred and eleven deaths from butcher carts and street cars."

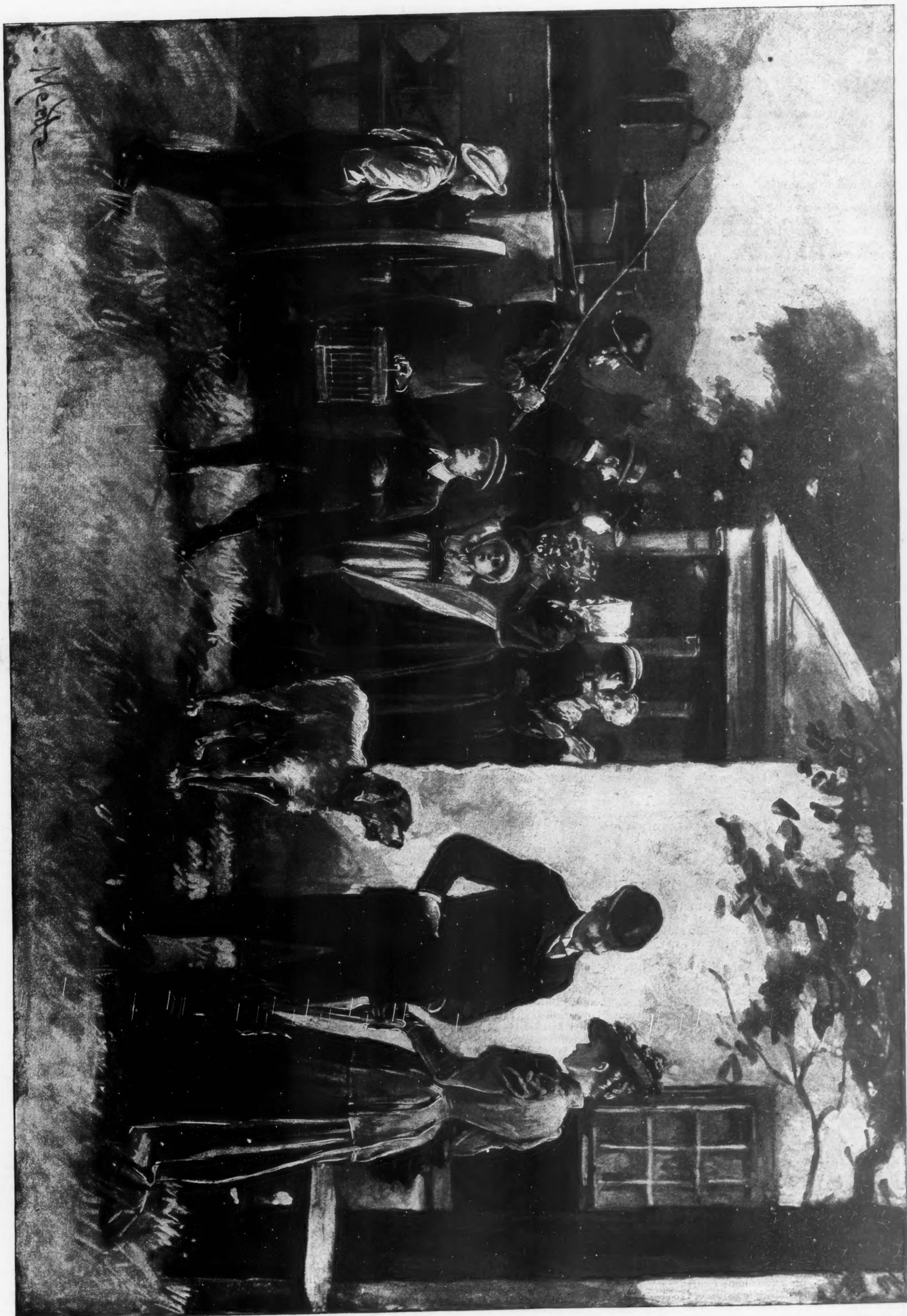
"I think you will pass."

"And another friend of mine is a member of the Transubstantialists, the men who deal in menthylbenzomethoxyethyltetrahydropyridinecarboxylate."

"Say," I demanded, rising, "what the deuce do you want, eh?"

"A dose to keep off the cholera. Ah, thanks, kind sir, thanks, thanks."

J. H. G.



END OF THE SEASON, DEPARTURE OF THE LAST GUESTS.—[DRAWN FOR "ONCE A WEEK" BY C. MENTE.]



AUTUMN DRESS MATERIALS.

OF what will the Fall gown be made, is the all-absorbing question. The store of Autumn wares never showed greater diversity, and, as far as color is concerned, one cannot be dull this Winter. The newest cloths have a groundwork of some solid color intermixed with black, but gayly flecked with every bright hue. Tweeds and rough stuffs will be greatly worn. Many of these are woven rather coarsely, like canvas, while others are diagonal. The coloring in this latter gives a fair indication of other mixtures. Mahogany is blended with gray, so also is nut-brown with grass-green, and bird's-egg-blue with fawn. There are basket-work checks in somber tints speckled with black, and "Drap Homburg" has lightning flashes shot through the fabric. These are particularly effective in dark-blue, brown and myrtle-green. Then there is a coarsely woven fabric with knickerbocker effects, in which heliotrope and yellow are blended. But in every material brown is the dominant color. Then there is a fancy weaving in the shape of diamonds, in such mixtures as green and red, and blue and brown. Flecked stuffs, too, are striped, and often the stripes are formed of coarse thread with knickerbocker effects in bright dashes of color. Then, again, lines cross each other and form checks. When there are not many colors in one cloth light tints are thrown on the dark ones, and pink and black, and blue and black are fashionable combinations, especially in serges in which checks and stripes are decided. Astrakhan effects are now introduced into self-colored cloths, and black, fawn, brown, prune and a new pinky-brown are specially favored. Then there are the corduroy effects; sometimes they are accentuated and then the



AUTUMN COAT.

are introduced, apparently embroidered in silk, such as tiny stars, moons and crescents. A distinct novelty is a fabric woven with an upstanding cord all over it, so that it appears to be kilt-plaited. There is a new stuff, soft and quaintly woven, called "confetti" (sweetmeats). The groundwork is gray, heliotrope or some plain tone, and it owes its fanciful name to the triangles of all colors scattered over it. Chenille effects in stripes and the re-introduction of terry and striped velvet—but always made in wool rather than silk—are features in the newest modes. Shot velvet will be greatly in vogue for trimmings of plain cloth dresses. It will be successfully utilized for the elbow-sleeves, collar and bodice panels of Russian blouses and on tea gowns and indoor dresses; but will be most used as a combination with cloth for a stylish walking costume. Bengaline is the favorite for silk costumes. Generally speaking, the Autumn materials will be distinguished by their ruggedness. It is said that smooth cloths are to be banished from the list of fashionable fabrics.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT COATS.

COATS fresh from Paris are full of intricate detail, and, even in the matter of cut, well-nigh baffling description. The handsomest coats are made of cloth, drab or brown, or are a combination of velvet and cloth trimmed with fur and marvelous embroidery. The sleeves are enormous. One beautiful coat of fawn cloth, three-quarter length, falls in loose Watteau folds at the back, and is adorned with long ribbons hanging from a bow tied between the shoulder-blades. The lining is a lovely brocade, the trimming brown fur and brown and gold embroidery, and the sleeves are finished with deep frills of brown velvet. The high, flaring collar is not so desirable as the rolled-over collar with close-fitting neckband. Very few tight-fitting jackets are shown, nearly all being loose or semi-fitting in front. Many coats are lined with tartan silk. Velvet cloaks and capes are exceedingly smart for dressy occasions. A superb velvet cloak is shown of the shade known as amethyst. It is a long, full mantle, which hangs almost to the bottom of the gown. The lower part of the cloak

is trimmed with three rows of mink, the color of the fur forming a beautiful contrast with the violet hue of the velvet. The garment is bordered round the shoulders by a number of mink tails, arranged closely together, so that they form a deep fringe of fur. The mantle is lined throughout with delicate peach-blossom silk. The coat shown in the illustration has just come from London and is a wonderfully smart affair. It is of biscuit-colored cloth, with a rich and novel trimming of satin of a more delicate shade applied in a curious zigzag fashion, the design being outlined with narrow silver braid. The waist-



EMPIRE HAT.

coat is satin with a folded collar of black silk, finished off with a black ribbon bow and loops and ends of the same just below the waist. The pointed cuffs are one of the novel features of this coat and tend to make it more picturesque.

AUTUMN MILLINERY.

THE felt hats may be divided into many classes; the very latest have large, wide flap-brims and low crowns. The Gainsborough hat is greatly in favor and so is the Empire, a very good illustration of the latter being shown above. The high, flat crown is of gold and tobacco-brown straw, encircled with a jet galon. The wired brim is of black lace, scalloped and outlined with black and gold beads. Ostrich tips of black and straw-colored satin ties complete this hat, which is quite sure to be one of the leading shapes of the season. There is a charming range of colors in these shapes—pink, blue, light-green and many tones of brown. Beavers will be worn, and many felt hats have stripes of beaver encircling broad brims. As the season advances white beaver hats with fur borders will be worn. Many hats show the winged brims—namely, brims standing erect like wings, and giving the wearer a very fly-away look, indeed. Red is a favorite color in the fashions. A great many grizzly hats will be worn, with rough felts in fawns, blacks and grays. In the wide brims some of the round crowns seem to start from a molded band, which is rounded, and makes them fit better on the head. Square-crowned hats, the brims turning upward and slightly pointed back and front, will be very smart. Many of these have a crown smaller at the top than at the base, the slanting sides being a novel feature. Cloven-crowned felt hats will be very fashionable for traveling or rough weather. These are small and fit the head closely. The Marie Stuart has returned and is in favor, both for bonnets and hats, being specially piquante in hats with the cloven crown. Toques are greatly in demand just now. The newest thing in this line has a crown formed of green bat's-wings and a perfectly close-fitting folded brim of velvet. Magenta is seen on many of the imported hats, but this distressing color is so very unbecoming that it is not likely to be very much in favor. A beautiful hat to wear with a brown costume is of fawn-colored felt, lined underneath with dark-brown velvet, and very prettily pinched together in front so as to show two tiny bows of olive-green velvet which rest upon the hair. The crown of the hat is completely hidden under a lovely plume of



TEA GOWN.

ostrich feathers, shading from darkest brown to palest fawn-color. A picturesque hat is of old-rose felt with the upper part of the crown in black velvet and a most effective trimming of black ostrich tips, some of the feathers being arranged along the side of the crown, while others are to be seen under the brim and on one side only.

A SIMPLE AND STYLISH TEA GOWN.

NOW THAT tea gowns are so elaborate with frills and laces and furbelows, it is a relief to find one simple, effective and quite easily fashioned by the home dressmaker. The accompanying illustration shows one fine enough to wear at afternoon Teas in country houses and yet simple enough for a superior dressing gown. It is of powder-blue cashmere with a Watteau plait in the back and in front flowing loosely from a yoke-piece of bright olive-green velvet with a deep frill of black lace over the shoulders, and a broad, black satin ribbon passed under the arms to tie in a slanting bow at one side.

HOW TO DRESS THE FOOT.

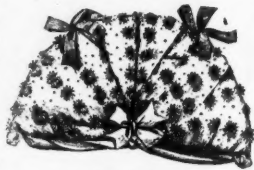
THE effect of many beautiful costumes is ruined by the shabby or poorly dressed feet emerging from billows of silk and lace. It is seldom one sees a perfectly shaped and well-dressed foot. Often the feet of young girls are ruined by the carelessness of parents who permit them to wear anything which corresponds in length to their proportions. Women care little for the shapeliness of the foot, seeming only anxious to get the smallest possible shoes on large feet and thinking to deceive the public with French heels. Pointed shoes should not be worn by wide-footed women, as they only accentuate the liberal proportions. A square-toed shoe has a much better effect. Huge buckles and ornate straps should be avoided by ill-shaped feet, as ornaments of any kind only invite attention to the deficiencies. Colored shoes should only be worn by women with the tiniest and daintiest of feet. And slender ankles can alone brave stockings with designs of dice, stripes or checks, such as are often displayed in shop-windows to lure the unwary. Large, ill-turned or bulbous ankles should always be dressed in plain black-silk, if possible—if not, fine lisle thread. Spun silk is apt to stretch and become woolly; it is not, therefore, to be recommended. French women are more particular about the dressing of their feet than women of any other nation, and if American women would realize the truth of the old song—

"The bonnet is nothing—'tis all in the shoe,"

the observant public would be spared much that now offends and vexes the eye.

ODDS AND ENDS.

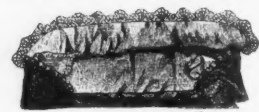
A DAINY glove sachet is made of heliotrope plush turned inside over a cream-satin lining and perfumed wadding, and forms at the lower corners two triangle-like pockets with fluted border to hold handkerchiefs and rare lace. The materials required are: Plush, 23 inches by 12 inches; brocade, 23 inches by 10 inches; heliotrope ribbon, 5 yards; green and gold ribbon, 1 1/4 yards of each; gold lace, 1 1/2 yards, and cream satin, 23 inches by 16 inches.



FAN-SHAPED SACHET.

A novel menu card is in the shape of a miniature screen; while a folding card, with a tablet for the name of the guest is also new.

A comfortable, smart and economical petticoat may be made of black alpaca, cut exactly like an umbrella-skirt, fitting perfectly over the hips, the waist cut very low and bound with silk binding. Alternate frills of black silk and white satin covered with black lace reach from the hem to the height of eighteen inches upward. This idea can be carried out in any coloring; it costs half the price



GLOVE SACHET.

of a good silk petticoat and wears twice as long, besides utilizing old silk ruffles and bits of laces. A unique way to decorate a ceiling is to cover with yellow Indian matting, divided into squares by split bamboo sticks, put on as gilt molding is put on over paper. Around the room, close to the side-walls, hang a frieze of figured Indian silk, letting it fall loose. Then treat the side-walls like the ceiling and finish with a dado or flounce of Indian or China silk.

We show a dainty fan-shaped sachet which any woman would be glad to get as a Christmas gift. It is of white satin, veiled with embroidered gauze, lined with scented wadding and blue silk and adorned with butterfly bows in blue ribbon; torsades and central bow in shot blue, white and silver ribbon.

PRIZES FOR ARTISTS.

TO ENCOURAGE art and artists, the management of ONCE A WEEK hereby offers a prize of **One Hundred Dollars** to the artist who shall, within the next two months, send us the most original and artistic idea for a Christmas page, and **Fifty Dollars** to the artist sending us the next best, the two prize drawings to become the property of ONCE A WEEK.

All drawings must be in black and white and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if unavailable. The prize-winner will be selected by a committee consisting of Mr. R. F. Zogbaum, Mr. W. A. Rogers and Mr. W. Lewis Fraser.

The contest will close December 1, 1892, and the prizes will be awarded as soon thereafter as possible.

The size of the drawings sent must not be less than 9x13 nor more than 16x29 inches, and must be in black and white, in pen and ink, or wash. All drawings must be addressed to

The Christmas Prize Editor,
ONCE A WEEK.

A DEFENSE OF SPECULATION.

THE "wheat pit" in Chicago was in an uproar! The bears were making things lively on 'change. "Four cases of cholera in New York," said the morning papers. Figure it out for yourself. Four cases of cholera—equivalent to four deaths—four less mouths to fill with bread and pork, consequently a falling off in the demand—therefore a reduction in prices! See the point? If you don't, never mind; the bears saw it, and, viewing the floor from the public gallery, it looked as though bedlam had turned itself loose. But when the uproar is greatest, just as the hands of the big 'change clock point to 1 P.M., a medium-sized, erect, official-looking gentleman in black frock coat and white tie, appears at the rail of the lofty private gallery and raps thrice with a heavy gavel. Instantly bedlam is silenced and every face is upturned to the private gallery. Each of them expresses the mute inquiry, "Who's caught this time?" In sonorous tones the official-looking gentleman answers:

"Messrs. Smallfry & Scalpem request that all parties having contracts with them close the same forthwith."

Messrs. Smallfry & Scalpem are insignificant traders, with a predilection for the bull side. The small cholera scare has placed too heavy a strain on their meager resources; they have confessed the same to George F. Stone, secretary of the Board of Trade, and Secretary Stone has made the customary announcement. Instantly bedlam breaks loose again and the secretary returns to his office.

There I find him, a type of the broad-gauged, studious business man, but more suave, with the courteous yet somewhat reserved manner of the business man who is also an administrator of important public interests. For more than ten years he has been the active executive of this powerful organization, though officially bearing the title of secretary. Five presidents have come and gone in that time—Blake, Seaverns, Wright, Baker and Hutchinson. Each of these, like the present incumbent, Hamill, were themselves heavy operators without time to devote to the gathering of statistics and their compilation, together with the fruits of ripened powers of observation, into the valuable volumes which have been annual features of Secretary Stone's official career. During the long fight between the Board of Trade and the "bucket shops," in which the aid of the State was invoked for the suppression of the latter, it was the secretary more than anyone else connected with the board who clearly defined the line between "speculation" and "gambling." The fact that during the last session of Congress a bill was introduced prohibiting speculation in farm produce indicates a lack of general information on this point. Accordingly, I asked Secretary Stone to state the merits of the case in plain language for the benefit of ONCE A WEEK's readers.

"Of course," I added, "you will not attempt to defend the 'corner'?"

"Hardly," he answered, "especially as it is the Board of Trade and the development of its speculative system that has made the 'cornering' of any of the articles commonly traded in a practical impossibility."

"Still, in the opinion of most people 'cornering the market' is speculation par excellence."

"That opinion is very wrong. In order to control the price of an article one must possess a monopoly either of the article itself or of information concerning it. As the former is next to impossible without the latter, the question of monopolizing information only need be considered. Now, it is the development of general speculation that has brought about the general diffusion of information. The Board of Trade has enabled everyone to learn, without expense to himself, all that the most powerful and ambitious speculator may know. That is why, of late years, disaster has nearly always overtaken those who have undertaken to control the price of a given article."

"Now that transportation is so certain, speedy and adequate, will not the operation of the law of supply and demand give ample protection to both the producer and the consumer without the interference of speculation?"

"No. There would be periods of glut alternating with periods of empty warehouses, caused by the irregular movement of produce. General speculation acts as a balance-wheel, a leveler, discounting foreseen conditions which would otherwise result in extremes of high and low prices."

"That is speculation; now what is gambling?"

"Gambling is blind, ignorant betting on to-morrow's prices. No man, no edict of a tribunal, legislative or judicial, can prevent one man from stipulating with another to deliver a bushel of wheat, a pound of sugar, a bag of gold or any other article at an agreed price, upon a certain date, or during a specified month; nor can any power exempt a seller from liability for the non-fulfillment of the terms of any such stipulation. The seller is held, and must be held to the performance of his contract and to the delivery of merchandise or any property upon such terms and at or within such a time as may have been agreed upon by the contracting parties. The right to make such a contract is an inalienable one, and the buyer and seller must not be interfered with, except when the seller refuses to deliver or the buyer refuses to pay, according to the terms of the contract. Under no other conditions than these can they be interfered with, though legislators may essay to do so."

"The system of buying and selling for future delivery grew naturally and gradually out of the pressing necessities arising from the rapid growth of a vast fertile area whose teeming products awaited facilities for ready and constant sale, at prices just to producer and buyer alike, and without any unfair advantage to either the capitalist or merchant on the one hand, or the farmer or the country dealer on the other. This system provides for the constant conversion into cash, at fair prices, of an enormous yield, chiefly comprising grain and hog products, regardless of the volume offered, and altogether independent of the restrictions and limitations of an actual consumptive de-

mand. The only option feature in the system is the right to deliver at any time during the month for which the sale was made, the obligation all the while existing to deliver the actual property sold during the month when it was agreed to make the delivery of such property. The system secures to the farmer the unfettered operation of the law of supply and demand, bringing the prospective demand to his door and making it a present and an actual one not primarily in the interest of any person, either the



"SPECULATION IS NOT GAMBLING," SAID SECRETARY STONE. buyer or seller, but in the interest of justice, and of arriving at a fair price, which price, in a surplus wheat-producing country, can only be arrived at in view of the world's food supply and the world's food needs. The farmer, by means of these and corresponding facts, which only an intelligent and intense competition reveals, is made acquainted with the determining features of the world's markets, and without such knowledge he would be unable to decide intelligently when and at what price he will part with his holdings; but he is kept informed, and that without expense to him, of the correct answers to all those inquiries which are suggested in attempting to place true values upon his respective products.

"Speculation, the inevitable result of the operations of this system of buying and selling for future delivery, summons all these answers—not by slow, inadequate and primitive methods, but by the lightning messenger which, day and night, flashes them under oceans and across continents to distant markets and fields. Speculation explores all countries and markets, and, not as a monopolist, but for the common good, dispenses its information with an unstinted hand for the benefit of producer and consumer alike. It breaks down all schemes for the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many; it is broad, frank, generous, and belongs to the most enlightened influences of the century, and has brought about, more than anything else, its triumph."

"Speculators do not in any sense hold in abeyance the governing law of supply and demand, much less annul it; they simply, by virtue of a quicker intelligence than is exercised by others, detect and interpret that law and receive their entitled and legitimate reward. In short, they put themselves in harmony with that law and the law governs them, they not controlling the law. The law is irresistible, and if they are not conforming to its mandates they must succumb and pay the penalty. If they correctly forecast the future they must be benefited thereby. If, on the other hand, they misinterpret that law, they suffer. The speculator's safety and profit lie in working along the line of its declarations and in reading those declarations in advance of the multitude; and when he has thus divined them, it is in bad taste for the multitude to cry out against him. He is entitled to the fruits of his ability, and he must and does bear the consequences of his inability."

"This being true," said I, "the successful speculator must have been prepared for his position no less than the successful preacher is prepared for his pulpit?"

"Just so," answered the secretary. "The gambler is ignorant; the speculator is an encyclopedia, a ready-reckoner and an electric battery rolled into one."

CURTIS DUNHAM.

COLUMBUS AT CHICAGO.

THE celebration in honor of the discovery of America at Chicago will begin, on October 19th, by a reception at the Auditorium, at which the President of the United States, his cabinet and other distinguished guests are expected to be present. On the following day—Thursday, October 20th—a grand civic procession will move through the principal streets and will be reviewed by the President and the other honored guests. In the evening there will be a brilliant display on the waters of Jackson Park, where a floating procession, illuminated by electric lights, will be seen in motion. This procession will be very much of the character of the illuminated procession to take place in New York on the 12th. It will include twenty-four vessels, upon which tableaux will display the Aboriginal Age, the Stone Age, the Age of Metal, Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, Departure of Columbus from Palos, Discovery of America, Columbus returned to Spain, English Cavaliers, The Dutch in New Amsterdam, Landing of the Pilgrims, Discovery of the Mississippi, The French Explorers, Washington and his Generals, Signing of the Declaration of Independence, Union of the Colonies, "Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way," The Genius of Invention, Electricity, War, Peace, Agriculture, Mining, Sci-

ence, Art and Literature, and the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

On Friday, October 21st, the ceremonies attending the dedication of the World's Fair buildings will take place, the President of the United States, his cabinet, members of the Supreme Court and of the Senate and House of Representatives and other distinguished guests assisting. William C. P. Breckinridge will deliver the dedicatory oration and Chauncey M. Depew the Columbian oration.

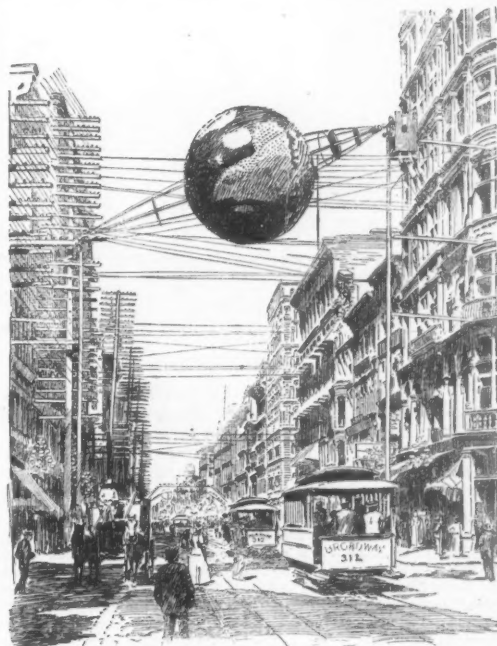
On October 22d there will be a series of military maneuvers and military parades, and every evening there will be brilliant displays of fireworks.

THE VEILED PROPHET IN ST. LOUIS.

THE Veiled Prophet has made his fifteenth annual appearance at St. Louis, and for the fifteenth time the busy city on the Mississippi has been thronged by visitors from all parts of the country. St. Louis, being the commercial metropolis of the Southwest, a large proportion of the visitors are necessarily from the States in that section; but all parts of the United States, as well as Mexico and Canada, are represented. This year there is quite a large delegation of Mexican merchants among the holiday-makers.

The Queen City of the Father of Waters began to be crowded as early as Sunday last, and when the carnival had opened it is probable that at least one hundred thousand strangers were enjoying its hospitality. There was a desire in the hearts of the St. Louis people to rival the great Chicago World's Fair, since its managers had seen fit to postpone that entertainment until next year. St. Louis seemed determined to have a festival this year, and its success during this week certainly justify all its expectations. Though Chicago may be ahead of her sister city in population, the people of the Mississippi Valley's metropolis can certainly claim that they are somewhat ahead of the Lake City in offering tribute to the memory of Columbus.

The spectacle of the night parade was especially impressive. At prominent street intersections stood two



A WALK UNDER THE WORLD.

magnificent arches on the summits of which the ships in which Columbus voyaged were accurately shown in models of almost natural size. Seventy-five thousand electric lights made the streets as bright as day, the whole presenting a remarkably picturesque effect.

The Veiled Prophet has hitherto arrived at St. Louis in a mysterious manner, no one outside a very small and select circle knowing anything about the details; but, in acknowledgment of the fact that St. Louis has raised a fund of six hundred thousand dollars for festivity purposes, the Prophet this year made a grand entrée by boat, arriving via the Mississippi River on Saturday afternoon. He was received by a large delegation of prominent citi-

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

October 9—Sunday—"Goodness is beauty in its best estate."—Marlowe.

October 10—Monday—"Affection in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects."—Locke.

October 11—Tuesday—"Let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—1 Thes. v. 6.

October 12—Wednesday—"Many things the eyes approve, Which yet the heart doth seldom love."—Sir Walter Raleigh.

October 13—Thursday—"Modesty is to merit what shade is to the figures in a picture; it gives to it force and relief."—La Bruyere.

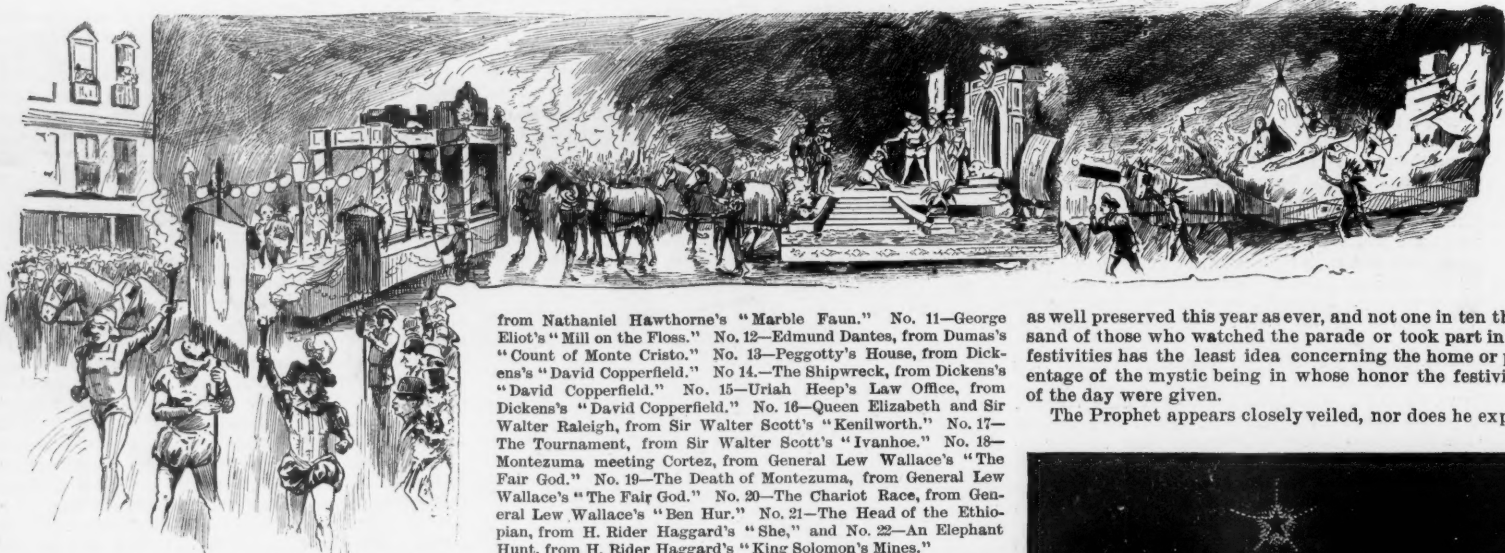
October 14—Friday—"All that glitters is not gold, Often have you heard that told."—Spenser.

October 15—Saturday—"The day of the Lord is at hand."—Isa. xiii. 6.

WHEN in Missoula, Montana, go to RANKIN HOUSE; best hotel in the city; European plan. This hotel also for RENT.

FOR upwards of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE VEILED PROPHET'S FIFTEENTH VISIT TO ST. LOUIS.



zens and by the National Guards of Missouri in full strength and with military bands.

The Prophet left his St. Louis abode at seven o'clock Tuesday evening, October 4th, and moved with his pageant from his den on Walnut street to Twenty-first, thence to Pine, to Twenty-ninth, to Locust, to Nineteenth, to Washington avenue, to Broadway, to Clark avenue, to Fourth, to Washington avenue, to Third, to Chestnut, and



THE NIGHT PARADE.

finally to the entrance of the Merchants' Exchange, where the Krewe disembarked. Many of the floats were very peculiar and beautiful. The following may be mentioned as indicative of the treatment that the popular novelists of the day received at the hands of the Entertainment Committee:

Float No. 1—The Veiled Prophet. No. 2—The Ten Most Popular Authors of the Day represented in bronze statues. No. 3—The Nautilus, from Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." No. 4—A Submarine Forest, from Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." No. 5—The Colonel's Quarters, from Captain Charles King's "The Colonel's Daughter." No. 6—The attack on the Indian camp, from Captain Charles King's "The Colonel's Daughter." No. 7—Uncle Tom and Little Eva, from Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." No. 8—Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." No. 9—The Carnival, from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." No. 10—Market Day at Perugia,



A HERO OF HEROES.

from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." No. 11—George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss." No. 12—Edmund Dantes, from Dumas's "Count of Monte Cristo." No. 13—Peggotty's House, from Dickens's "David Copperfield." No. 14—The Shipwreck, from Dickens's "David Copperfield." No. 15—Uriah Heep's Law Office, from Dickens's "David Copperfield." No. 16—Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, from Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth." No. 17—The Tournament, from Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." No. 18—Montezuma meeting Cortez, from General Lew Wallace's "The Fair God." No. 19—The Death of Montezuma, from General Lew Wallace's "The Fair God." No. 20—The Chariot Race, from General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur." No. 21—The Head of the Ethiopian, from H. Rider Haggard's "She," and No. 22—An Elephant Hunt, from H. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines."

The spectacle on the streets was one of the most remarkable ever witnessed in an American city. Nearly one hundred thousand dollars had been spent in street illuminations alone, and for upward of six miles the streets were a mass of electric and gas lights inclosed in globes of varying hues, producing a most dazzling and beautiful effect. Over seventy-five thousand lights were kept burning in addition to the ordinary street illumination. It is impossible to estimate the number of people who witnessed the parade, but every window overlooking the route was booked several days in advance, and an immense number of temporary seats and stages were erected by enterprising caterers, while in addition to those who witnessed the scene under these advantages there were hundreds of thousands who crowded the sidewalks and streets, leaving



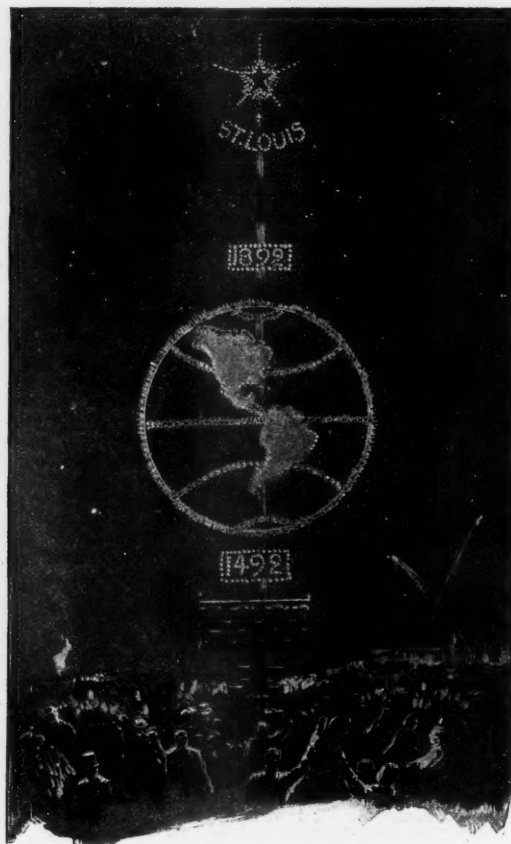
only just sufficient space for the parade. The music of the many bands, the gorgeous effect of the illumination and the shouts of admiration and amusement from the throngs of spectators combined to produce an effect difficult to describe on paper, and only thoroughly to be appreciated by those who have seen similar pageants in past years.

The parade ended at the Merchants' Exchange, in the hall of which the great annual ball took place. This is the great society event of the West, and the most rigid rules as to full dress and selectness are enforced. It is estimated that about three hundred society belles of St. Louis "came out" at the ball this year, and the number of guests amounted to over four thousand. The same mystery which pervades the Prophet's movements generally extends to the ball, no one knowing by whom the invitations are issued, and no one really knowing whether he or she will be favored with an invitation until one of the magnificent cards bearing the Prophet's seal is delivered by the mail carrier. The honor of a dance with the Prophet is regarded by the selected belles as of priceless value.

At the close of the ball, or at early dawn on the morning of Wednesday, October 5th, the Veiled Prophet disappeared, and he will not be seen again before the opening days of October, 1893. The mystery of his identity was

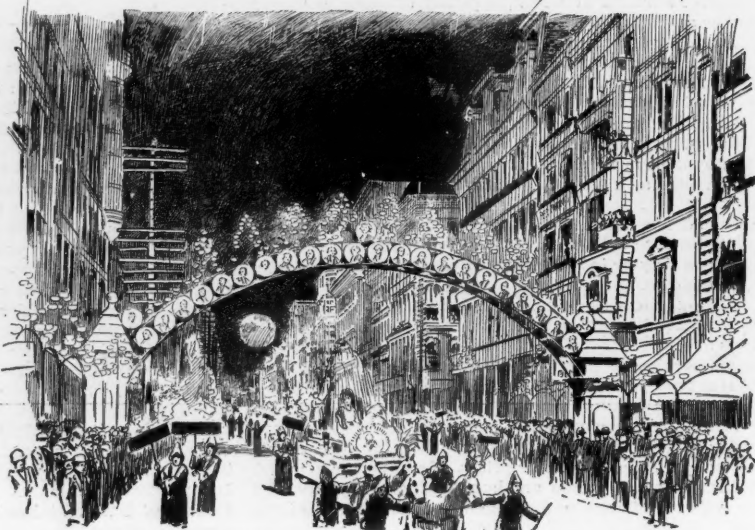
as well preserved this year as ever, and not one in ten thousand of those who watched the parade or took part in the festivities has the least idea concerning the home or parentage of the mystic being in whose honor the festivities of the day were given.

The Prophet appears closely veiled, nor does he expose

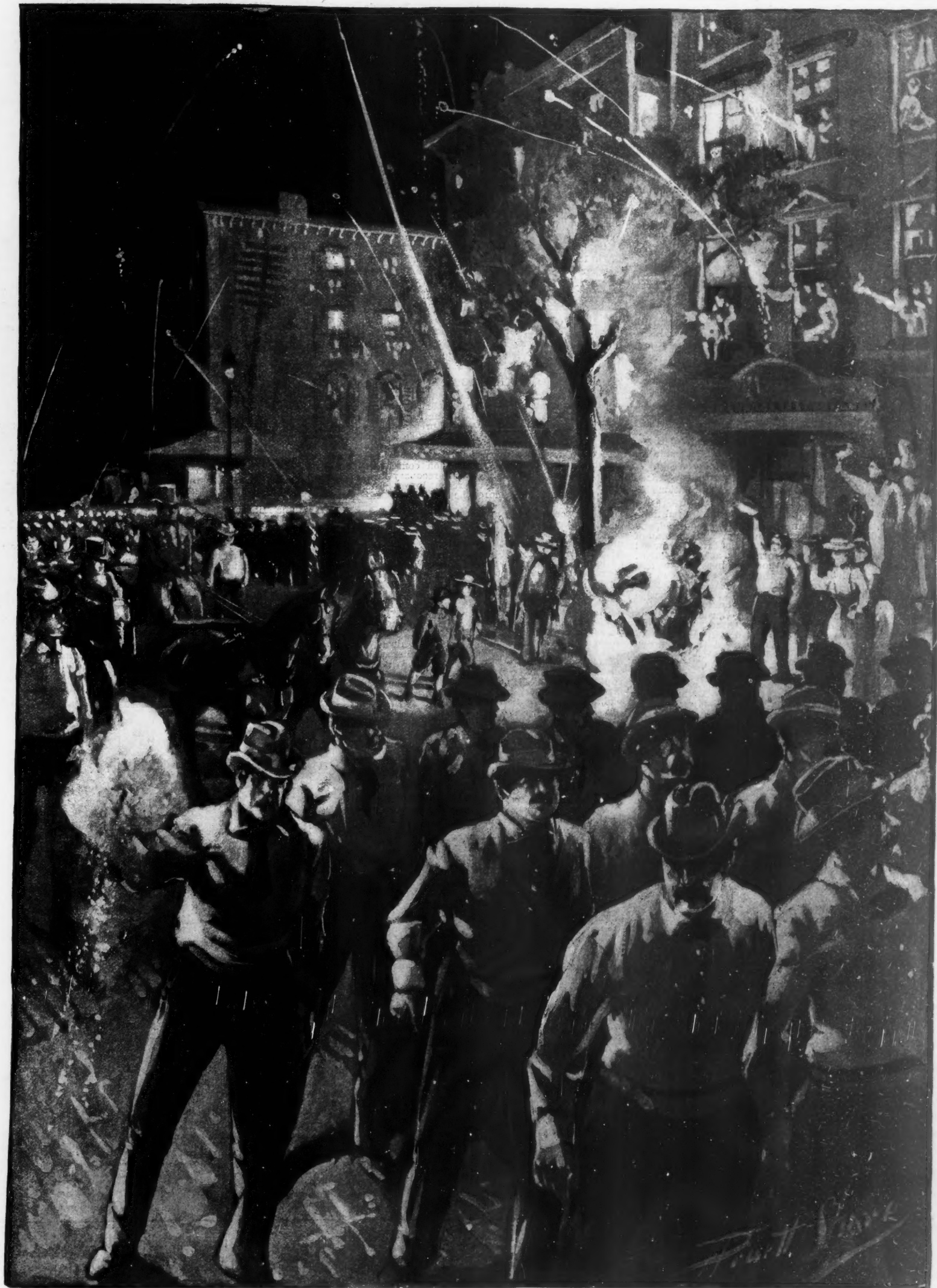


IN LINES OF FIRE.

his face for a moment during the entire festivities. All that is known in regard to him is that he is a typical representation of the Veiled Prophet of the East. No one was ever allowed to join the Prophet's retinue until he had gone through the ordeal of an examination by aid of the mirror, and as a result treason and disloyalty were absolutely unknown at the Prophet's court. The same principle prevails in the Veiled Prophet's parade and pageant in St. Louis. The money required to pay the expenses of the entertainment is subscribed by those who actively superintend the arrangements, and who thus not only contribute to the amusement of others, but practically debar themselves from enjoying the festivities themselves. There is practically no limit to the expenditure, the rule adopted by the Pickwick Club prevailing, and the members of the Veiled Prophet Association being allowed to incur any liability they think proper, provided they arrange to meet the liability themselves.



PROCESSION OF THE VEILED PROPHET COMING DOWN BROADWAY, ST. LOUIS.



NEW YORK CITY—RETURN OF A WEST SIDE PLEASURE CLUB.

[Drawn Specially for ONCE A WEEK by H. PRUETT SHARE.]

TWO POPULAR MEN DEAD.

PATRICK SANSFIELD GILMORE, the celebrated band-leader, beloved of everybody, died of heart disease at the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, September 23d. His death was quite unexpected by his friends. Mr. Gilmore was born near Dublin on Christmas Day, 1829. When his school-days were over he was apprenticed to a merchant in



P. S. GILMORE.

Athlone, but his apprenticeship did not last long. His love for music had made him a member of the Athlone band. When eighteen years old Gilmore came to this country. He had scarcely landed when he was asked to become leader of a Boston band. The remuneration could not have been great, for after three or four years he was tempted by the offer of a salary of one thousand dollars a year to take charge of the Salem band. He abode

in the city of witches four years and made its band one of the best known in country.

In 1858 he organized in Boston what has since been known as Gilmore's band, the one with which he has given concerts all over this country, and over half of Europe.

The Charleston Democratic Convention of 1860 hired Gilmore to furnish its music, and when it broke up with the singing of the "Marseillaise" by the Southern members, the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," drowning the revolutionary strains.

Gilmore and his band were with Burnside in the Carolinas in the first two years of the war, and in 1864 he went with it to New Orleans, where, on the inauguration of Michael Hahn as governor, ten thousand public school children who had been nursed on "Dixie" sang the "Star Spangled Banner" to his accompaniment.

After the war Gilmore returned to Boston, and there, in 1866, he held the great peace jubilee which made his name famous among the bandmasters of the world. It proved so successful that the following year he organized another, of an international character, foreign nations being asked to take part.

It was given in a building holding one hundred thousand people. The chorus numbered twenty thousand, and two thousand trained musicians took part. The sound of the mammoth chorus was so tremendous that it drowned the noise of the artillery which formed an accompaniment. The orchestra numbered one thousand instruments, and such an appreciable length of time elapsed between the sounds of the nearest and that of the furthest that the harmony was blurred. Some of the best bands in Europe accepted Bandmaster Gilmore's invitation to his jubilee. Among the number were the band of the Garde Republique of Paris, the band of the Grenadier Guards of London, and that of the Kaiser Franz Regiment of Berlin. Johann Strauss represented Vienna and conducted the orchestra of a thousand instruments.

With his jubilee honors thick upon him Mr. Gilmore came to this city, and, adding to his original organization, formed his famous military band. With this band he visited, in 1878, the various capitals of Europe, taking prizes at band concerts in several of them. Of late years, as everybody knows, Mr. Gilmore was identified with the Summer concerts at Manhattan Beach. He was bandmaster of the Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. He was a prominent member of the Lotos Club and universally popular among its members. The popular band-leader was buried on September 29th at Calvary Cemetery, Long Island.

General James W. Husted, the well-known Republican, for twenty-one terms a member of the Assembly, and six of those terms its speaker, died of gastric trouble on Sunday, September 25th, at his home in Peekskill. He had been ill since the National Republican Convention at Minneapolis, and frequently since that time his life had been despaired of. For a quarter of a century he was prominent in the Republican party of this State. For the last few years he was well known in national politics as well, and he was a familiar figure at the National Republican Conventions.

General Husted was born at Bedford, Westchester County, on October 31, 1833. He came of English-French stock. His first schooling was at an ordinary county school, from which he went to the Bedford Academy to prepare himself for Yale University. During his academy years he had decided to become a lawyer, and when he entered Yale College he took the law course. One of the first friendships he formed in Yale was with Channey M. Depew. He was admitted to the Bar in 1857, entered politics as an



JAMES W. HUSTED.

"American," but soon became a Republican. He was elected to the Assembly in 1869, and had been re-elected every year since, except one session. He was named "The Bald Eagle," on account of a speech he made. He had been a member of the Assembly a term or two when he tried to get through a measure which he thought was all-important. Most young members think that their bills are the most important measures presented for the consideration of the members. Assemblyman Husted's bill was to come up on a certain day, and the young member set to work to prepare a speech upon it which would carry everything before it. He prepared the speech, the day came, and he worked it off, to the accompaniment of the audible laughter of the older members. It was in the old Capitol, and just back of the speaker's desk was a large, life-size oil painting of General Washington. Just above it, balanced on a globe, was an American eagle. In his closing words General Husted referred most eloquently to the Stars and Stripes and to the bald eagle above the gilt frame. The Assembly broke into an uproar on account of the Fourth of July oration over so insignificant a bill. From that day he was known as the Bald Eagle of Westchester County.

General Husted was first elected speaker of the Assembly in 1874, his sixth term as member of that body. As a speaker General Husted was quick in his decisions, and he enforced the rules with sternness and rigidity. In his social life he was always genial, whole-souled and hearty. He made many friends and had an exceedingly wide acquaintance. It was a pleasure to go to his handsome home in Peekskill, for he was always warm and cordial in receiving callers. His house stands on a hill commanding a magnificent view of the Hudson.

AMONG THE MONEY-MAKERS.

THERE has been a slow recovery from the cholera scare, but there is no apparent disposition among the public to return to Wall Street. In fact, brokers' offices are dull and dismal places just now, presenting, as they do, beggerly displays of empty chairs. The market, nevertheless, thanks to the professional operators, has not been altogether devoid of interest. It was natural that a rally should follow the sharp depression consequent on the cholera alarm, and it did so, the recovery in some cases extending to nearly half the recent losses. But there it hung fire, and once more the drift is toward a lower level.

This is certainly very discouraging, in the face of the admitted prosperity of our country, but it only goes to prove how closely affiliated are the interests of the world, and how impossible it is for distress to visit anywhere without being reflected in every financial center. Whistle as loud as they may, foreigners are unable to become courageous in their operations while they see all around them indications of their own distress. Great Britain has not yet recovered from the Baring collapse, and the situation in that country is greatly aggravated by the distress which prevails among the greatest manufacturers, particularly the cotton interest of Lancashire. In London there is alarm over the condition of several banking institutions, and it is feared that the withdrawal of deposits will bring down several banks and building societies. Affairs in Spain are more than critical, and a default upon government issues is highly probable. Portugal is bankrupt, and Russia is in deep distress. The harvest in the

last named country is very bad, affording little surplus for import, and the expenditure of the government is so great that it has been compelled to issue twenty-five millions roubles more of inconvertible notes. The trade of Germany is checked by the cholera outbreak, while that of India and China has been hampered by the difficulties arising from the depreciation of silver.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the foreigners sell their holdings of American securities on every occasion where our market will take them in fair amount. This results in stiff sales for foreign exchange, until now we are once more almost at the gold-importing point, and this at a time when in ordinary seasons the yellow metal should be freely flowing to this country.

Recently, reasons have developed here for the selling of some of our securities. This applies particularly to those of the Northern Pacific Company, and also to those known as "the coalers." Mr. Villard has gained his reputation as a financier on his wonderful ability to borrow money, but the time seems to have come when he has

reached the end of his rope. The preferred stock has passed from the dividend-paying list, if not permanently, at least until there has been a reorganization and readjustment of the affairs of the company. The bonds are selling at ruinously low figures, and it is felt that they would not do so if the affairs of the concern were not in great confusion. The coal stocks have declined on litigation, not only in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, but also in Illinois and New York, which has for its object the breaking up of the combination, even if the franchises of the companies involved have to be forfeited.

With these strong adverse influences prevailing, it is not surprising that the general market lacks buoyancy, and that the professional traders are shaping their operations on the bear side of the market. MIDAS.

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The fastest trains in America run via B. & O. R. R. between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and all the trains are equipped with Pullman, Buffet, Parlor and Sleeping Cars.

Great improvements have been made in the roadway and equipment of the B. & O. in the last two years, and its present train service is equal to any in the land. In addition to its attractions in the way of superb scenery and historic interest, all B. & O. trains between the East and West run via Washington.

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THE "SUN" CHOLERA REMEDY.

More than twenty years ago, when it was found that prevention of cholera was easier than cure, a prescription drawn up by eminent doctors was published in the Sun. No one who has this by him, and takes it in time, will ever have the cholera. It is an excellent remedy for colic, diarrhoea and dysentery.

Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne pepper, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose: fifteen to thirty drops in a little cold water, according to age and violence of symptoms, repeated every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained. [Cut this out and paste it in your scrapbook.]

Important to Fleshy people.

We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Wilson Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston Mass.

"ARTIST—"There's my last picture. What do you think of the execution?"
CYNICAL CRITIC—"Oh! Execution you call it? Why, I thought it was murder!"
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WHITEN and CLEAR
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\$500 REWARD.—To assure the public of its merits we agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars cash, for any case of moth-patches, brown spots, liver spots, blackheads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan or any other cutaneous discolorations (excepting birthmarks, scars, and those of a scrofulous or kindred nature) that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. We also agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars to any person whose skin can be injured in the slightest possible manner, or to anyone whose complexion (no matter in how bad condition it may be), will not be cleared, whitened, improved and beautified by the use of Derma-Royale.

Put up in elegant style in large eight-ounce bottles.
Price, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
Derma-Royale sent to any address, safely packed and securely sealed from observation, safe delivery guaranteed, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by registered letter or money order with your full post-office address written plainly; be sure to give your county, and mention this paper. Correspondence secretly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash.

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The above is a fac-simile of a box of the only genuine **HELMET** brand POLISHING PASTE. Refuse as worthless imitations, boxes with other helmets or without our name. For sale everywhere, or send three cent stamps for large sample box, by mail, to the sole agents for United States, Canada and Mexico. **Adolf Gohring & Co., 180 Pearl St., N.Y.**



FREE by return mail, full descriptive circulars of **MOODY'S** and **MOODY'S IMPROVED** TAILOR SYSTEMS OF DRESS CUTTING. Revised to date. These, only, are the genuine TAILOR SYSTEMS invented and copyrighted by **PROF. D. W. MOODY.** Beware of imitations. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style, to any measure, for ladies, men and children. Garments guaranteed to fit perfectly without trying on. Address **MOODY & CO., CINCINNATI, O.**

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send two bottles FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P.O. address. **T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.**

BEATTY Piano. Organ, \$23 up. Want ag'ts. Cat. free. Dan' F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

A NEVER-DYING HOAX.

The delusion that for some purpose there exists a demand for canceled postage stamps has ravaged two continents. It has been chased, scotched, but never killed. At this moment somewhere there is somebody saving stamps and petitioning her friends for old envelopes. The motive is always a charitable one, but changes with time and circumstance. The death of Miss Penelope Every, the daughter of the late Sir Henry Every, of Eglington Hall, England, recalls as nearly as can be got to it, the origin of this singular mania, but whose real source is yet unknown. It was in 1850 that there appeared the announcement that a wealthy and eccentric parent had made known that he would send his daughter to a nunnery, unless within a certain time she could collect an impossible number of stamps. A friend interesting herself in the case applied to Miss Every, and by some mischance a paragraph crept into a newspaper connecting this lady's name with a depot for transmission. Scarcely was this done when the inundation began. Stamps flowed in from every quarter of the world. At first Miss Every laughed at this strange invasion, but at length it became so annoying that her father placed a notice in the *Times* begging that it should cease. This was, however, not done until Miss Every had received nearly three millions of stamps. Miss Every made a sketch at the time of the collection of wrappers, parcels, boxes and cases received which was published in the *Illustrated Times*. The letters with reference to it were bound up in a large volume, and formed one of the curiosities of the Eglington library. Miss Every died at the age of eighty-four. The canceled stamp story is protean and still lives.

THE ABBOT MAY BE RIGHT.

The birth of a princess to the emperor and empress a little before dawn on Sept. 13th has diverted public attention from the cholera and from other matters of grave interest. Now that Empress Augusta Victoria has given birth to a first daughter, and not a seventh son, her mind and that of the emperor feel relieved of the uneasiness which their superstitious belief in the alleged prophecy of the old abbot of the Convent of Lehnin has caused them.

In these prophecies it was predicted that an emperor of Germany would have seven sons, but none of them would succeed him on the throne. The emperor and empress, as well as the majority of the German people, believe that these predictions are meant for William II., because he has already six sons, and because this prophecy follows a number of others which have been fulfilled. The abbot is said to have written in his book about four hundred years ago that the Mark would change its ruler and become the property by forfeiture of a house which would rise and grow very powerful. In fact, the Mark became property of the house of Hohenzollern in the above manner, and this was the first step of the ladder on which the Hohenzollerns rose to their present high position.

The prophet of Lehnin also predicted that the old German empire would be totally destroyed by a Western usurper, and this was proven true by Napoleon I.

It is further stated by the abbot that the German empire would be resurrected in another generation by a monarch who would reign long and wisely, and would die at a very old age, beloved and revered by his subjects. This tallies exactly with the reign of Emperor William I.

The next prophecy was that this aged and beloved ruler would be followed by one who would rule but a very few weeks and would die, and that he in turn would be followed by one who would have seven sons, of whom, as above stated, not one would be his successor.

The Hohenzollerns all believed in the truth of these prophecies, and it worried the present ruler greatly. Through the birth of a daughter the basis of the superstition has been destroyed for the present, but the emperor and his wife are young yet and the seventh son may yet be born.

The other children born to the emperor and empress are: Prince Friedrich Wilhelm Victor August Ernst, born May 6, 1882. Prince Wilhelm Eitel-Friedrich Christian Karl, born July 7, 1883. Prince Adalbert Ferdinand Berengar Victor, born July 14, 1884. Prince August Wilhelm Heinrich Gunther Victor, born January 29, 1887. Prince Oscar Karl Gustav Adolf, born July 27, 1888. Prince Joachim Franz Humbert, born December 17, 1890.

PHOTOS 17 only 10c., 25 for 25c., with large illus. cat. **THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.**

FLESHY PEOPLE

ARE UNCOMFORTABLE WHEN THIN PEOPLE ARE HAPPY.

Important to Ladies who Wish to Reduce their Weight.

No Purging. No Dieting. Simply Grow Thin and Feel Better.



Notice reduction in size by wearing Dr. Edison's Obesity Band 21 days.

The celebrated Dr. HALE, Chicago, writes to the Chicago Sunday Herald.

When I know of corpulent men who eat, drink and sleep well, have no pain to complain of, I wonder why they do not pay some attention to reducing their weight. Such men should have no trouble in reducing to almost any weight desired. It is when a man is troubled with rheumatism, dyspepsia, kidney trouble or nervousness that the reducing of weight is slower, until the Obesity Pills have cured the disease that caused obesity. The pills soften and beautify and soften the skin of the face and improve the complexion. The Obesity Bands are very comfortable and are excellent support and help to reduce size and weight.

Lieut. G. A. SCOTT, Revenue Cutter Hamilton, writes to the Correspondence Department of the New York Sunday World:

Three years ago I weighed 268 pounds, but after using Dr. Edison's popular Obesity Pills and Salts I reduced to 169 pounds and easily keep at this weight. I saw how much other correspondents of your valuable papers were benefited and wished to give the Dr.'s treatment a trial.

LORING & CO., Proprietors and General Agents, 36 A East Washington St., Chicago, Ill.; 2004 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.; 40-Parlor A—West 22d St., New York City; 331 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

Cut this out and keep it, and send for our full (eight column) article on Obesity.

SUPERB!

All who love the beautiful must watch with admiration the clear twilight of early morning, especially at that enchanting period when the sun is throwing a tinge of red on a sky of

TRANSPARENT WHITENESS.
Such loveliness can find no counterpart except in the radiant bloom which the use of

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

imparts to the complexion of every young lady who uses it. This

PEERLESS PURIFIER removes every possible blemish from the skin, and makes the plainest face

PERFECTLY FASCINATING.
For Sale by **DRUGGISTS** in Town or Country.

Glenn's Soap will be sent by mail for 30 cts. for one cake, or 75 cts. for three cakes, by **C. S. CHITTENDEN, Sole Proprietor,** 115 Fulton Street, New York City.

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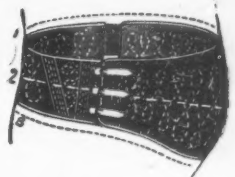
FOLMER & SCHWING M'FG CO., 391 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. For sale by the trade.

FAT PEOPLE You can reduce your weight 10 to 15 lbs. a month, at home, without starving or injury, by Dr. Clarke's Home Treatment. Proofs, Testimonials, Free. **F. B. CLARKE, M.D.,** Drawer 133, Chicago, Ill.

WHIST LAWS and Rules adopted by the American Whist League, 1892, with Duplicate Whist Rules. Send two-cent stamp to the Duplicate Whist Manufacturers, **IRLING BROS. & EVERARD,** Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dr. Edison's Fruit Salts is the best and simplest remedy for regulating the action of the liver that has been discovered. It is very valuable after any excess in eating or drinking. The printed formula on the label of the Fruit Salts showed me that the salts were composed of the best elements or material possible to give to sufferers from excessive fat or flesh.

They are Sanitary Woollen Abdominal Bands.



The celebrated Dr. Thorndike, of Boston, Mass., advised wearing woollen bands over the stomach and bowels to prevent colds and bowel trouble, and to guard against infection from cholera and typhoid fever.

HOW TO GET THE PROPER MEASUREMENT.

Measurement for Band is the largest part of the abdomen. The numbers 2, 2, 3 on the band indicates where measurement should be taken.

The Bands cost \$2.50 each for any length up to 36 inches, but for one larger than 36 inches add 10 cents extra for each additional inch. The Pills may be bought for \$1.50 a bottle, or three bottles for \$4, enough for one treatment.

Obesity Fruit Salt \$1.00 per bottle. You can buy the Pills, Bands and Salt direct from our stores, or by mail or express.

All correspondence and goods are forwarded in plain, sealed package, bearing no marks of any kind.

NOTICE.—Dr. Edison's Electric Belts and Finger Rings are sold at our stores. Send for our special Electric-Belt Circular, sealed.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of **FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS** a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed I have no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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Ohio Electric Co., Cleveland, want Agents. Cat. free



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MISS VERNON (wearily)—"About the time clubs were instituted, I'm sure."

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Certain Advertisements from trade rivals who fear the phenomenal success of

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In America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, *Professor of Medicine at University College, London, Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics."*

This eminent physician **ACTUALLY** writes as follows.

"From the careful analyses of Professor Atfield and others, I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other Cocos. It is certainly 'Pure' and highly digestible.

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The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is thus effectually repelled, and the very authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial.

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Inventors should write at once for our hand Book of Instructions, which will be sent free to any address, upon application. **J. B. CRALLE & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.**

Taking butter from milk was known in the earliest times. It was left for our time to make a milk of cod-liver oil.

Milk, the emulsion of butter, is an easier food than butter. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is an easier food than cod-liver oil. It is rest for digestion. It stimulates, helps, restores, digestion; and, at the same time, supplies the body a kind of nourishment it can get in no other way.

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

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A graceful act of hospitality is to offer your evening guests a cup of Bouillon before leaving. Use Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water; add salt, pepper and a thin slice of lemon to each cup. Serve with plain crackers. There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. We mail it free.

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The only \$3.00 shoe made with two complete soles, securely sewed at the outside edge (as shown in cut), which gives double the wear of cheap welt shoes sold at the same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and when once worn through are worthless.
The two soles of the W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 shoe when worn through can be repaired as many times as necessary, as they will never rip or loosen from the upper.
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\$4 and \$5 Fine Calf, Hand Sewed; \$3.50 Police and Farm; \$2.50 Fine Calf; \$2.25 and \$2.00 Workmen's; Boys' \$2.00 and Youths' \$1.75 School Shoes; Ladies' \$3.00 Hand Sewed; \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 Best Dongola, are of the same high standard of merit.

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For SICK HEADACHE,
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Take four, five or even six of Beecham's Pills, and in nine cases out of ten, they will give relief in twenty minutes; for the pill will go direct to and remove the cause, the cause being no more nor less than wind, together with poisonous and noxious vapours, and sometimes unwholesome food.
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